WEEK ENDING MAR. 19, 1932

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Liberty

America's Best Read Weekly

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BEECH-NUT FRUIT DROPS, TOO, 800 California oranges; 1,000 Italian lemons or 9,000 limes from the West Indies—to make a single pound of flavor—that's what makes Beech-Nut Orange, Lemon and Lime Drops so delicious—so refreshing! 5¢ everywhere.

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CHOCOLATE *flavored* DROPS

This Tooth Paste delights 2,000,000 *Cranks*

—*not* because of its price, but *because* of its *results*

Women are cranks about their teeth and the tooth paste that goes on them. And why not! Sound teeth are vital to health. Beautiful teeth enhance a woman's charm.

We are rather proud of the fact that more than two million women have chosen Listerine Tooth Paste above all others. Certainly no higher compliment could be paid to its quality and the results it achieves.

We would like to have you judge this tooth paste yourself. Buy a tube. Give it a fair trial. Compare it with any paste at any price and judge by what it does for you.

Note how swiftly it cleanses the teeth. See how its special cleansing and polishing agents penetrate between teeth, erasing decay, tartar, and discolorations. See how they make the surfaces of the teeth gleam and flash. Note how firm and healthy your gums feel after you've used Listerine Tooth Paste a few short weeks. Note, too, the delightful feeling of freshness and exhilaration it imparts to your mouth —that brisk, clean feeling you associate with Listerine itself.

That Listerine Tooth Paste can be offered at 25¢ is due to the fact that we buy and manufacture economically; eliminating unnecessary costs at every turn. These economies are reflected in the price of this remarkable dentifrice. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

What you can buy with that $3 you save

On the basis of the use of a tube of tooth paste per month, Listerine Tooth Paste, at 25¢, saves you approximately $3 a year over dentifrices in the 50¢ class. Below are a few suggestions as to what to buy with that $3:

A hat. A scarf. Stockings (2 pairs). 6 handkerchiefs.

THE QUALITY DENTIFRICE AT A COMMON SENSE PRICE

MAR. 19, 1932

Liberty

VOL. 9 No. 12

America's Best Read Weekly

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"That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth." —*Abraham Lincoln.*

WHY WE LACK GREAT LEADERS

We have just celebrated the birthdays of two famous Americans. They were great statesmen—outstanding leaders.

Washington and Lincoln are great historical figures. They were men of vision and foresight.

And amid the eulogies that are so freely given to these great men there has often appeared the query: But where are our great leaders today?

The men in the limelight, those who are trying to lead us out of the present financial quagmire, are somehow lacking. There is no fiery determination, no stirring presentation of their remedial measures.

They do not seem to know the way; they are just as confused and undetermined as the average citizen.

And we are disturbed, bewildered. What is the answer?

We want an outstanding leader, a great man with overwhelming confidence in his solution of the grave problems that we are now facing.

" Theodore Roosevelt would have shown us the way," is the statement we hear on frequent occasions. But men of force and drive, with dominating determination, seem all to have left us. They are not occupying positions of power.

And there is a very definite explanation for all this. Real leaders—men with definite conclusions and overwhelming confidence in themselves and their conclusions—are kept in the background; they are not allowed to lead.

Today leaders are not selected because of merit, or because of outstanding ability. Such men cannot be made the tools of political henchmen; they have their own principles and ideals, and they are usually ready and willing to fight for them. Men of this sort are not allowed to become leaders. The political bosses select men to lead whom they can control, at least to a reasonable extent. Many of our so-called leaders follow the instructions of their political dictators.

There are plenty of men of outstanding ability at this time who clearly understand the great problems that we are now facing, and who could undoubtedly safely lead us out of our present menacing difficulties. There are just as many able and highly trained intellects today as there were in the times of Washington and Lincoln; and there are undoubtedly many men who would equal Theodore Roosevelt in his statesmanlike characteristics.

But such men rarely harmonize with the needs of a group of political leaders. They are too individualistic. They are usually unwilling to follow instructions. And an official with ideas of his own, who has a definite conception as to what his duties and responsibilities are, is rarely popular in high places to the " big men " who help to put him there.

They want men like Harding, whose sincerity of purpose no one can question, but whose good fellowship brought him a host of intriguing friends who robbed the government of hundreds of millions during his official life.

It is leaders of this sort that our big politicians like to see in power. Such men can be " influenced," and, although they may be ever so honest, they are often " used " for " putting over " schemes that rob the public of huge sums of money.

We are now looking forward to a great national election. Let us hope that the men we vote for on this occasion will be leaders of outstanding merit, men who are beyond the influence of clever politicians, and who can help to free us from overwhelming taxes, menacing lawlessness, fanatical legislation, and many other unspeakable evils from which we are now suffering.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

Chicago Civic Opera Stars take the "BELIEVE YOUR OWN EARS" *test*

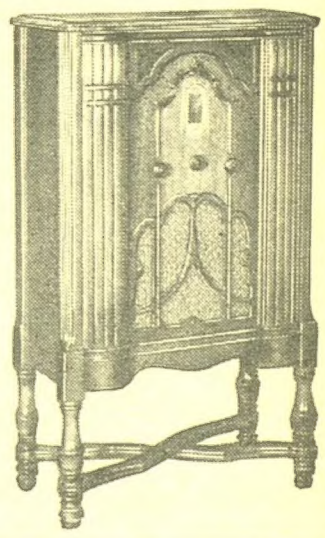
BEFORE 16 of the world's great voices—international stars of Chicago's Civic Opera Company—General Electric Radio staged another of its famous tone-tests *and won every vote but three!*

In the magnificent Tower Room of the Stevens Hotel, Chicago, four famous radios played behind a screen. Each set was known, not by name, but only by a number. Sight unseen, the sets competed for the preference of artists who have thrilled opera-goers throughout the world—and G-E captured *13 out of the 16 votes!*

With every new tone-test victory, General Electric piles up conclusive evidence of its truer tone. But even stronger proof will be given you by your own ears. Hear the General Electric! Forget claims—*and believe your own ears!*

You will agree without question that its tone is gloriously true, vibrant and real. You may or may not care to investigate the technical reasons for its superior tone. But your own ears will give you the best and simplest of reasons why the radio in your home should be a General Electric! There are many beautiful G-E models, all reasonably priced. Prices range from $46.75 to $345, tubes included. General Electric Co., Merchandise Department, Bridgeport, Conn.

J-85 Console Model (*right*). Supremely beautiful 8-tube screen-grid superheterodyne. 2 super control tubes and Pentode output. Automatic Volume Control. 8-inch dynamic speaker. New, easy reading dial. Smooth action station selector. Brilliant performance never before possible at the low price of $79.50 *tubes included*



J-70 Table Model. 7-tube screen-grid superheterodyne, 2 super control tubes and Pentode output. Dynamic speaker. An exceptional value at *tubes included* $46.75

Of special interest to women—join the G-E Circle—on the air every week-day (except Saturday) at noon E. S. T. For the entire family "Just a Song at Twilight" every Sunday afternoon 5:30 to 6:00 E. S. T. over a nation-wide N. B. C. Network,

When wiring or re-wiring your home, specify the G-E Wiring System. It provides adequate outlets, conveniently controlled, and G-E materials throughout.

GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO

Over 30

BETTY COMPSON

"I'm over 30," says this fascinating screen star. "A young-looking skin is absolutely necessary. I've used Lux Toilet Soap for years."

Over 40

MARY BOLAND

"I'm over 40," says this stage and screen star. "Complexion care is the secret of keeping youthful charm. I always use Lux Toilet Soap."

Over 45

NANCE O'NEIL

"I'm over 45," says this lovely stage and screen star. "A woman is as old as she *looks*. I'm among the stars who use Lux Toilet Soap regularly."

Keep the glorious appeal of YOUTH —Screen Stars know how—

DON'T let birthdays frighten you! The screen and stage stars laugh at them. These recent pictures show why!

"No woman need fear added years," says the lovely Betty Compson, whose glorious young charm wins hearts by the thousands on the screen. "Stage and screen stars *must* keep youthful charm, and they know a young-looking skin is absolutely essential."

The stage and screen stars have found the way to keep their skin smooth and fresh, year after year! They use Lux Toilet Soap *regularly*.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

In Hollywood, youthful appeal means success itself. Of the 694 important actresses there, including all stars, 686 regularly care for their skin with Lux Toilet Soap. The stage stars, too, overwhelmingly prefer this gentle, fragrant white soap. Begin today to let it care for *your* skin. Escape the tyranny of birthdays —stay lovely, appealing, as the screen stars do.

LUX Toilet Soap 10¢

Brown Bros. photo

This picture of the Czar and Czarina and their children is the last that was taken before their downfall. The grand duchesses are, left to right, Anastasia, Tatiana, Olga, and Marie. In front is the Czarevitch.

THOSE *Who Were* Sacrificed

Memories of the Russian Royal Innocents Who Perished at Ekaterinburg, by their Cousin

MARIE, GRAND DUCHESS *of* RUSSIA

(Reading time: 29 minutes 5 seconds.)

TUCKED away among other reminiscences of days long gone by is the memory of a certain afternoon in late autumn when I was told that my father wished to take me out with him. We were then living at Tsarskoe Selo, and my father was going over to the Alexander Palace to call on the young empress. Something very exciting to my imagination had just taken place there: a baby girl had suddenly and mysteriously

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made her appearance in the household and I was to be allowed to see her. For weeks I had been crocheting, with the aid of my Nanny, a coverlet in thick pink wool.

"For whom is this going to be, Nanny?" I asked.

"For a new little cousin, darling," said Nanny Fry.

"What little cousin?" I wanted to know. It would have been much nicer to have her to play with instead of sitting up crocheting.

"You will see," answered Nanny Fry, mysteriously.

The work was slow and tedious; the hook was very long and fat and would always get into the wrong hole; the wool was so thick that it refused to wind itself around my stubby finger. But one day the coverlet was completed, even to its troublesome fancy edge. It was lined and put away. Before going out with my father I was dressed up in a lacy frock with bows on my shoulders, a coat of white ribbed silk with big mother-of-pearl buttons all down the front, and a hat with a wide brim and an ostrich plume. A narrow elastic band passed under my chin kept the hat on my head.

It was a great treat and a great honor to be taken out by father. The pink coverlet was brought out of the cupboard and, carefully wrapped in tissue paper, was delivered to me. While we drove to the palace I held it on my diminutive lap with hands gloved in white cotton. Then my father walked through the endless rows of rooms and corridors leading from the entrance hall to the empress' apartments, with me trotting beside him holding fast to his hand. We did not stop in the empress' boudoir, but were ushered straight into her bedroom, and I was very astonished at finding her lying in bed.

Brown Bros. photo

This was the first group photograph of the Russian royal family to be taken after the birth of the Czarevitch in 1904.

"IS Aunt Alix ill?" I remember asking my father. I looked around for the new cousin. I think I expected to find a little girl like myself with whom I was going to play. But I could see no little girl, and felt rather disappointed. There was nobody to give my beautiful crocheted coverlet to. Demurely I reached up to kiss the empress' hand which lay on the lace counterpane. Beside her bed I noticed a very large doll's bassinet, very much larger than the one I had at home; it was all dressed up in pink silk and ribbons.

"Show her the baby, Uncle Paul," said the empress.

My father lifted me up to the bassinet and I peeped under the pink silk curtains. The doll lying on the pillow inside was ugly, not smooth and pink and white like mine. It had a red puckered face and its eyes were closed.

"What is this?" I asked, because it seemed to me I saw the doll move.

"It's your cousin Olga," laughed the empress.

This was my first introduction to a baby and also to Grand Duchess Olga, the first-born child of Emperor Nicholas II and Empress Alexandra. I was then five years old.

The next time I remember seeing Olga was on her parents' coronation day. From the window of one of the palaces we both watched the procession wind its brilliant way from the Cathedral of the Assumption through the Kremlin. Being hardly a year old, Olga took no notice of what was going on outside; she was interested only in the colored bow on my hair and was trying to pull it off.

A FEW days later I saw her again. This time it was in the country, at Ilinskoie, my Uncle Serge's estate near Moscow, where my brother and I had spent every summer of our lives since we were born. The newly crowned emperor and empress had come to Ilinskoie for a few days' rest after the fatigues of the festivities, and were occupying, together with their little daughter, our rooms in my uncle's home. Because of this, as the house was not a large one, we children had been moved to another house, across the river. In the afternoons we were usually driven over to Ilinskoie with the nurses, and played around under the trees while my uncle and aunt with their numerous guests were having their tea in the garden.

Years slipped by slowly and smoothly. The new reign had by now completely established itself. In the very midst of the grandeur and magnificence of the Russian court the young sovereigns had created for themselves a private little world of their own. It was a world in which the imperial couple lived as lovers, where everything that was not the simplest expression of human feelings was eliminated. The visible emblem of this world was the nursery. No one was permitted to penetrate into this sanctuary. There is nobody so vulnerable in his innermost feelings as an exalted personage, and therefore the couple instinctively, especially at the beginning, hid their softest spots from prying eyes.

As small children, my brother and I proved, however, an exception to the general rule; we were motherless and had a rather barren existence in our large empty palace, surrounded mostly by strangers. The empress drew us into her intimate circle and we were allowed to take part in the life of the imperial nurseries. Wherever they happened to be, whether in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, in the Alexander Palace at Tsarskoe Selo, in the Cottage at Peterhof, or at Livadia in the Crimea, the atmosphere was always the same and entirely their own. They had nothing to do with the interests or life of the court. It was a warm atmosphere, filled with ordinary,

everyday activities and sounds—the feeding and rearing of babies, the bustle of white-clad nurses, children's voices, the patter of soft-soled slippers, the rustle of starched frocks.

Every other year a new member was added to the little circle. It made one impersonal but glittering appearance in the world of formalities on the day of its christening, and then disappeared into the depths of the nursery. The tiny unknown face was greeted on my part with interest; I was old enough to notice the distinguishing characteristics of each of the children as they emerged

Grand Duchesses Olga and Tatiana, grown up. "Both had slim bodies, moved gracefully, had lovely skins," says their cousin, Grand Duchess Marie.

Brown Bros. photos

The last portrait photograph that was taken of the Czarevitch with his ever solicitous mother. He was a hæmophile or "bleeder"—an inheritance from her.

from infancy, yet young enough to grow up with them.

Our gatherings in the early days always started with a huge nursery tea. I can still see the large round dining-room table with the late afternoon sun pouring in through the windows and sparkling on the silver. Around the table the children sat between the nurses, little bare necks and shoulder bows just showing above the white cloth. Chubby hands held large pale-blue teacups. Buttered toast had to be eaten before cake or fruit might be touched. Someone would occasionally declare a strike against bread and butter, but discipline would invariably triumph, and after a violent outbreak order was promptly restored.

WHEN the cups had been drained and the plates emptied we were allowed to leave the table. We then went on what seemed to us quite an expedition. If it was in winter, shawls would be wrapped around us and we would be taken through rows of reception rooms, where the furniture stood in formal groups, where it was cold and the air smelled of floor wax. In one of these rooms a wooden slide had been set up for the children, and for an hour or two we tirelessly slipped down the shiny boards on squares of red cloth, dragged them up the steps, and slid down again. Outside, evening had come and a dark sky looked through curtainless windows. The lights were then turned on and shone down upon us from bronze chandeliers garlanded with col-

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ored cut glass; the tall mirrors around the room reflected, together with the stiff gilt decorations, the painted and molded ceiling, the bronzes, and the heavy decorated mahogany doors, our small flitting white figures, and the crude structure of the slide. When we had spent our superfluous energy and were breathless and exhausted, the shawls were again carefully wrapped around our bare arms and shoulders and we were taken back to the nursery.

Later on, when we grew older, after the nursery tea we went downstairs and joined the emperor and empress, who were having tea in the boudoir. Neither we nor the children felt any constraint in the presence of their parents. We did what we pleased, sometimes looking at pictures, books, or albums, and sometimes continuing a noisy game started upstairs.

And here in this room you could feel the strength of the ties which bound the small group so passionately, so firmly together. So secluded was it that the children's entire horizon was filled by their parents.

The absolute simplicity and candidness with which the children were treated influenced their relationships and feelings toward the world in general. The outward signs of deference and the honors rendered to them as children of the sovereign they seemed not even to notice. It was understood that these honors were not meant for them personally. They were only a symbol of the situation they were placed in, a part of the background. Their parents, they themselves, all of us, were there to serve our country, to represent the glory of the Russian Empire.

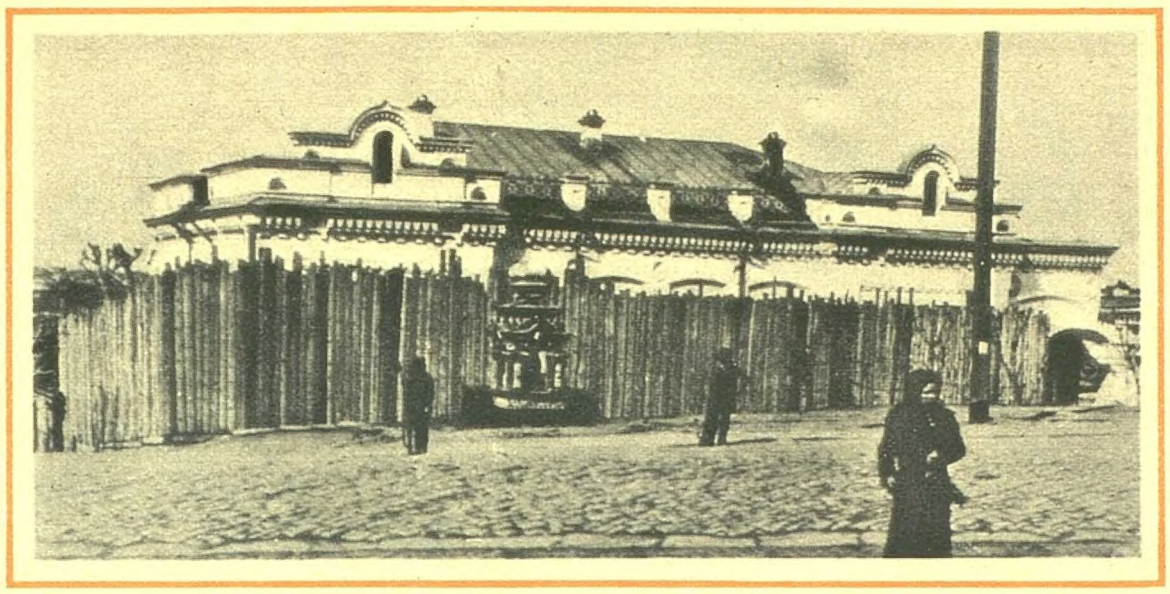
In connection with this a small incident comes to my mind. When the emperor and empress resided at the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg their existence there was surrounded by much more pomp and ceremony than anywhere else. Armed sentinels in pairs stood at regular intervals at the outside and inside doors, in the galleries and halls. Guards of honor in full-dress uniforms, with colors, bugles, and drums, were stationed in special guardrooms and lined up at attention each time that a person of title or rank passed by.

ON the particular day I am speaking about, the guard of honor came from the regiment of the Horse Guards. The nurses, children, and we had come home from an afternoon drive, and on our way through the palace passed the guardroom. Advised of the approach of the imperial infants—the two eldest little girls were hardly more than babies at the time—the guard lined up. They were an impressive sight in their white uniforms and gilt helmets topped with the imperial eagle.

The stone guardroom roared back the echo of curt words of command. Spurs jingled, heels clicked, long cavalry swords rattled out of metal scabbards; then everything froze into silence, the stiff necks and bearded faces turned toward us. Everything was motionless except the small leather tassels attached to the hilts of the swords; swaying slightly, they hung down from each white-gloved hand which was holding the sword upright at the length of an outstretched arm.

The swaying tassels in the midst of all the rigidity caught the attention of the small girls. Before anybody had time to move they had dashed up to the men and, following the line, each in turn ran a tiny pink finger along the row of tassels. Above the busy little white figures towered the great bearded men in their shining uniforms and helmets, their faces, as before, impassive. Dmitri and I laughed in spite of ourselves, although we knew perfectly well that a serious breach of etiquette, and especially of good taste, had been committed. A guard standing at attention was sacred. The little girls were too small to be blamed for what had happened, but the nurses— I felt quite sorry for them.

The incident was reported to the sovereigns, and an investigation took place, as a result of which orders were issued that the guards were not to render full honors to the children until they were old enough to understand what they implied.



Brown Bros. photo

In this house at Ekaterinburg, where the high fence shut out even their view of the sky, the Russian royal family were slaughtered by their Red jailers.

More years passed by. Our father having remarried and settled abroad, my brother and I had gone to live for good with Uncle Serge and his wife at Moscow. Thus we did not see so much of our little cousins.

WE still went out sleighing and driving with the children, but had our meals downstairs in the empress' apartment, and Dmitri, young as he was, was becoming the Czar's favorite companion.

And now Russia was at war with Japan. The war brought on a period of general social unrest; a wave of political murders rolled over the country. My Uncle Serge lost his life, and Moscow was shaken by strikes and riots. The sovereigns kept more and more to themselves. The years of peace and happiness were gone forever. The imperial couple had now much to contend with besides the problems of the country. Their youngest child and only son was suffering from an incurable disease.

After my uncle's murder, Moscow being momentarily unsafe for us, Dmitri and I once more spent much of our time at the home of the sovereigns, and from then on kept in close touch with them. During the three years that we had been away the atmosphere of the palace had undergone a great change; the imperial couple were constantly preoccupied, and their anxieties weighed heavily on everything that surrounded them.

A classroom had been installed upstairs beside the nurseries, and the two eldest little girls began lessons, at first only in Russian. Then at about nine and ten they started French with a Swiss called Mr. Gillard. He found them, to his great astonishment, very backward. Outside of the classroom they still led a nursery life, were entirely in the hands of uneducated Russian nurses, and heard no foreign languages except the rather imperfect English that they spoke with their mother. The empress had her own conceptions of education and resented advice on the subject; she stubbornly refused to have for her daughters a governess, who might have interfered with her theories and ideas.

At first she herself gave detailed instructions to the teachers and saw that they were carried out; but gradually she got so absorbed in her son that everything not connected with him and his health received only slight attention. During the frequent periods when the child was suffering from the consequences of hemorrhages she was constantly at his bedside, nursing him herself, watching him night and day. But when temporarily he would be out of danger, her overstrained constitution would give way, and for days she would lie on her sofa, suffering from nervous heart attacks. She herself then needed care and attention, which her daughters, even when still very young, knew how to lavish upon her, sacrificing their own pleasures and freedom to surround her with their tenderness.

Even if their education was entirely neglected, the suffering they constantly witnessed in their own home made them human; their apparently privileged position had not protected them from the tragedy of life, the tragedy that all the power of the Russian emperor was incapable of alleviating. Barriers existing between parents and children in every royal household had been broken down by the common anxieties; the reticence and reserve encouraged in our *milieu* had never played a part in their lives; they were united in the effort of helping each other. They had the practical experience of a home's sacrifices and joys; they acted on impulses which came from purely natural reactions. And they did not live long enough to regret the consequences of an upbringing which would have left them defenseless in their absolute ignorance.

IN spite of the fundamental differences of our training, my brother and I were very happy in these surroundings, so unlike the rarefied atmosphere we breathed where we lived. In most things we were treated by the imperial family as their own; nevertheless, we were never allowed to penetrate into the charmed circle of its truly intimate preoccupations. Those they kept jealously to themselves.

The difference in our ages did not prevent the children from feeling our equals. At the announcement of my engagement to Prince William of Sweden, Olga, who was then twelve years old, showed no signs of pleasure.

"Aren't you going to congratulate Marie?" asked the empress.

"But, mama," said Olga, visibly perplexed and a little envious, "she is too *small* to get married." She could not imagine that without her I had attained the age when

The dethroned Czarina occupied herself at Tsarskoe Selo by plying her embroidery needle.

I was not too small to do the tempting and interesting things available to grown-ups only.

I married and left Russia, only coming back occasionally for short visits. The sovereigns' welcome was always affectionate, but I saw very little of the children. The two eldest girls, Olga and Tatiana, wore long dresses now, and their hair was up. They accompanied their parents to most functions. In the winter of 1913 their grandmother, Empress Marie, had given some dances for them

Photos © U. & U.

The fallen Czar, while a prisoner at Tsarskoe Selo, got exercise by shoveling snow.

at her own palace. But at home their life had not changed. Their mother was becoming an invalid and growing more and more dependent on them.

Cheerfully and willingly they assumed responsibilities which life was placing upon them. Olga and Tatiana (the "big pair," as they were called) and Marie and Anastasia (the "small pair") were thrown completely on to their own resources, thanks to their seclusion, and, in spite of differences in ages and dispositions, were bound together by the closest and most harmonious of friendships. They regarded themselves as a unit, and even had a collective name, "Otma," formed out of the first letters of their own names, which they used to sign to letters or messages indorsed by all four.

Most of their existence still was spent in the nursery, and they were surrounded by the same personnel as before, the only exception being the schoolroom and the hours they were with their mother. Their instruction was purely academic and not linked with any realities;

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according again to Mr. Gillard, the Swiss tutor, they never made much headway in their studies, and remained very indifferent pupils. Olga, for a time at least, had given promise, but, not meeting with much encouragement, she lost all interest in work.

Of the four, Olga certainly was the most intelligent and the most mentally alert. She was spontaneous, truthful, and reliable, and was the only one of the sisters to possess independence of spirit. At times she even went so far as to doubt whether her mother's actions had always been entirely reasonable.

She had moments of open rebellion. It is said that when Rasputin's body had been recovered from under the ice and transported to Tsarskoe Selo, Olga refused to take part in the procession which, at night, followed his coffin to its grave in the park. To the other daughters their mother's authority and wisdom were absolute and never to be questioned.

Tatiana, the second one, was prettier than her sister, although neither of them was a real beauty. Both were tall, had slim bodies, moved gracefully, and had lovely skins. Tatiana was more reserved and level-headed than Olga; she was cautious and slightly evasive. She was less gifted than her sister, but her mind was more disciplined.

Her mother trusted her judgment and, if possible, was more intimate with her than with her other daughters. It was Tatiana on whom her mother called for support in moments of stress.

The small pair were too young yet to possess clearly defined characteristics. Marie, third in order and the elder of the pair, was the best looking of the four sisters. She had beautiful gray-blue eyes which were so large that we called them saucers, even when she was small. Marie also had the best disposition; she was very strong and a little clumsy. Good-natured, she was always ready to do things for others, to sacrifice herself. Naturally, her sisters used to take advantage of this trait.

Anastasia, the youngest daughter, was a minx; she was bubbling over with vitality and joy of life, but difficult to discipline and rather unruly. Very quick at noticing the ridiculous sides of people, she made fun of them mercilessly. Being very amusing and witty and not without a good dose of childish cunning, she got away with most things.

To quote Mr. Gillard again, the charm of the four sisters to an outsider lay in their utter simplicity, their complete absence of self-consciousness, and their natural kindness of heart.

NOBODY knew very much about the Czarevitch until it became absolutely necessary, in the face of rising rumors, not to conceal him any longer from the public. He had suffered from hæmophilia from his birth in 1904, and the fact of his illness, which was brought into the family by his mother, had been kept secret as long as possible. It was hoped that once he had passed the turbulent age of childhood his life would be comparatively safe as, realizing his own condition, he would be able to take care of himself. In the meantime several people were watching his every step.

The situation was becoming increasingly serious. The boy was heir to the mighty throne of Russia; the responsibilities which one day he presumably would assume were tremendous; he had to be specially trained for his future position as were trained his predecessors. This training required a great amount of work, for which health and endurance were essential.

The problem for his parents was one of great difficulty. What was the right thing for them to do? And until he was nine years old no definite course was adopted, nor had anyone been trained to take his place in case of an accident.

At nine, Alexis was a child who could hardly read or write and whose every whim and fancy had been satisfied. He had to be kept quiet at all costs. He had been either with his parents—mostly, of course, with his mother—or surrounded by minor attendants who never dared contradict him except when he wanted to make the slightest physical exertion.

It became at last imperative to come to a decision. The decision was taken, but it was a compromise and did not by any means solve the problem.

IN 1913 the Swiss tutor, Mr. Gillard, who for many years had given French lessons to the girls, was invited to live at the palace and become permanent tutor to the Czarevitch.

The choice was a good one. Nobody could have been more devoted to the imperial family than Mr. Gillard, as he proved in the most conclusive way by his conduct in the future. But he was a foreigner and could not be expected to possess the quantity and scope of special knowledge required for the training of the heir to the Russian throne.

At first Mr. Gillard found the task almost beyond him, and despaired of obtaining any result. The child was nearly impossible to manage and positively defiant. The empress moreover had suddenly become invisible. He could not even confer with her on the methods he thought wise to adopt. Her absence could not be explained by her customary shyness, as by then she was used to seeing him in the schoolroom. There was something else. An ex-

The four daughters of the Czar and Czarina in 1913, their last year of tranquillity.

Brown Bros. photo

Two of the Czar's daughters as war nurses, ministering to wounded soldiers. They are Grand Duchesses Marie, cousin and namesake of the author of this article, and, behind her, Anastasia.

planation of her conduct was found afterward. She had dreaded this new presence around her son; she dreaded the consequences of discipline inflicted upon the sick child; and, although realizing the necessity of a reasonable mental training for the boy, she preferred to stay away.

Mr. Gillard in the meantime had come to the conclusion that only by asserting his own authority could he hope to gain any influence over his pupil, and he took independent action, unsupported by the child's parents. From then on things went better, and the empress, who from her own room had been following every step taken by Mr. Gillard, emerged from her hiding to uphold his tactics.

It was even decided eventually to give the boy more freedom, in spite of the physical danger this freedom involved. He had to be taught to assume a certain degree of independence. And when the almost unavoidable accident did occur, and the boy, hurting his knee, had to spend some time in bed and in great pain, the parents took great care to show Mr. Gillard that they fully shared his responsibility. When his pupil got over the attack Mr. Gillard was ready to give up the new method, but this time it was the emperor and empress themselves, after seeing that the moral results had been beneficial, who insisted that it should be continued.

Regular studies, however, were made impossible by circumstances.

Although the Czarevitch grew considerably stronger, hemorrhages continued to occur. In addition to the times when he was laid up and his sufferings were unbearable, there were periods of convalescence during which he was so anæmic and weak that he could not possibly be taxed with mental exertion. In this way months of precious time were lost.

As he grew older he was given more freedom of action. Nevertheless he had to lead a much quieter life than other children of his age, and his natural vivacity made this trying and enervating.

In spite of all the efforts of his sisters to keep him amused, and the occasional company of a couple of boys who were allowed to play with him, he remained a lonely child. But he complained very little, and as far as possible made the best of the situation. He was a bright and intelligent boy. His sufferings had developed in him an intuition which sometimes baffled his tutor, and his capacities, if developed normally and systematically, would have been out of the ordinary. Moreover he had a will of his own and his discernment was certainly far beyond his age.

He was an interesting child and might have become a useful man if he had been allowed to live.

THEN came the war. Life at the palace became, if possible, still more austere. The empress, as was her habit in cases of emergency, became feverishly active under the nervous strain. All the girls, according to their respective ages, were called upon to help their mother. This they did with enthusiasm. They were happy to contribute to the common cause, and also the war activities brought a change into their monotonous existence. The eldest ones went through a nursing course and were allowed afterward to take part in the work at the hospitals in Tsarskoe Selo. They also accompanied their mother when she went to visit the various places at the rear of the armies where the wounded were concentrated after important battles.

All this brought the girls new contacts, which they enjoyed. All of them, inspired by the example of their parents, were profoundly and fundamentally Russian at heart.

In 1913 and later, when a foreign marriage for Olga was under discussion, she resolutely and firmly rejected it; she was a Russian and wanted to remain in her country, and her decision was respected by her father. What the future of the four young girls would have been if events had developed normally is difficult to say. It must have constituted still another source of preoccupation for their parents.

The situation was complicated by the fact that they were in their turn carriers of hæmophilia and likely to transmit it to their own male offspring.

When the emperor assumed the command of the fighting armies and spent most of his time at headquarters, he

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[THOSE WHO WERE SACRIFICED]
Continued from page thirteen

often took his son with him. Mr. Gillard always accompanied his pupil. The house they occupied was so small that the emperor and the Czarevitch had to share a bedroom; Mr. Gillard gave his lessons to the boy in his father's study, often during the time when the Czar was himself working at his desk. This absence of comfort seemed to them quite natural and they never commented upon it.

The Czarevitch went with his father to the front on tours of inspection. The boy was tremendously interested in everything. Keeping beside his father, he would listen intently with wide-open eyes to all that was said and remember every detail of what he saw. But these excursions into a new and thrilling world would sometimes be interfered with by attacks of his disease. Once he started with his father on a journey when he had a slight cold. In the train he began a nosebleed which nothing whatever could stop. His condition grew rapidly so alarming that plans had to be changed.

It was decided to take him back immediately to Tsarskoe Selo, but at times the loss of blood became so great that the train had to be stopped. He reached Tsarskoe Selo only just breathing, so weak that he could neither move nor open his eyes.

Brown Brothers photo

The Russian royal family and their entourage at Sebastopol, early in wartime.

The revolution broke out. Alexis was then with his mother at Tsarskoe Selo. He and all his sisters, except Marie, were laid up with the measles. The empress concealed from the children, who were very ill, what had taken place, and they heard of it only later. During the few days that the empress was without news of her husband, all through the agony of suspense, Marie, then about sixteen, was her mother's only companion. She helped to nurse her sisters and brother, and, together with her mother, faced the dangerous revolutionary soldiers.

She was not feeling very well that day, having caught the measles from the others, but not wishing to leave her mother alone she said nothing about it. Scantily dressed, she went out on the steps of the palace from which the empress addressed the angry mob, begging it not to disturb her sick children. As a result, Marie, in addition to measles, fell ill with double pneumonia and nearly died.

And then came the long months of captivity. The entire family, parents as well as children, bore their trials without one word of complaint. They huddled closer together and tried to demonstrate their gratitude toward those who had been willing to share their misfortunes.

NONE of them showed any resentment toward those who had abandoned them. They blamed nobody and displayed no bitterness. Their anguish they kept to themselves. They believed in their country; they trusted humanity. Nobody moped.

Life was immediately and firmly reorganized to suit conditions. Occupations were found or invented. The younger children had to continue their education. Mr. Gillard, who had remained at the palace of his own free will, was the only professional teacher, but his specialty was French, and most of his time was taken up by the boy.

In consequence, the teaching of the other languages and subjects, such as history, literature, and mathematics, was distributed among the rest of the inhabitants of the palace. The emperor took upon himself the teaching of Russian history and literature.

"*Bonjour, cher collègue,*" said the Czar to Mr. Gillard when, after this plan had been adopted, they met in the schoolroom.

Although the conditions of captivity in the palace were hard enough, they became far worse when the imperial family was deported to Siberia. At Tsarskoe Selo they were at least in their own home, surrounded by familiar things, but at Tobolsk, not to mention Ekaterinburg, the discomfort and the misery of their existence became appalling.

When the emperor and empress showed at last signs of weariness, the children remained undaunted, entirely wrapped up in the care of their parents. Even this new and unexpected world they treated with confidence. In the simplicity of their hearts they could not imagine that anybody would want to harm them. They tried and often succeeded in making friends with the soldiers of the guard, which had frequently to be changed by the Soviet authorities for fear their revolutionary zeal might melt.

EVEN the empress had become more accessible. Little by little she was shedding all she had considered her duty to assume in the past, and could now abandon herself completely to the love she had for her family.

But the last stages of mental and moral agony were reached just before and after the transfer of the imperial family from Tobolsk to Ekaterinburg. The order to leave Tobolsk for an unknown destination concerned the emperor alone. When this order was received his son was in bed with a high temperature.

The empress, after a few hours of cruel hesitation as to what was her duty, decided to follow her husband, leaving the boy to the care of the elder girls. Again Marie, the beautiful girl with the large blue-gray eyes and a truly heroic soul, offered to accompany her parents.

The family who had been through so much together were obliged to split. They hoped to meet again shortly, but they could not be sure of it. They could not be sure of anything. They did meet again, to die together. When Alexis was well enough to travel, his three sisters, he, and a few members of the entourage were sent to join the imperial couple and Marie. Together with their parents the children were locked up in a small house surrounded by a high fence which shut out even the view of the sky. The windows had to be always closed, and nobody was allowed either air or exercise.

The most cruel and corrupt men were chosen to be their jailers. The family slept in two rooms the doors of which were always open on a corridor occupied by the guard. Could the parents have even a moment's rest under such conditions? There are no witnesses of that part of their Calvary, as the entourage had been distributed among the various local prisons, and the two or three servants who still remained with their masters perished at the same time as they.

And then one day all was over. The small white house with its high fence stood ominously silent and empty.

In the forest which on all sides surrounds Ekaterinburg for many days smoldered a huge pyre. That was all that remained. Among the ashes were those of the five young human beings who had not yet done wrong to anybody in this world.

THE END

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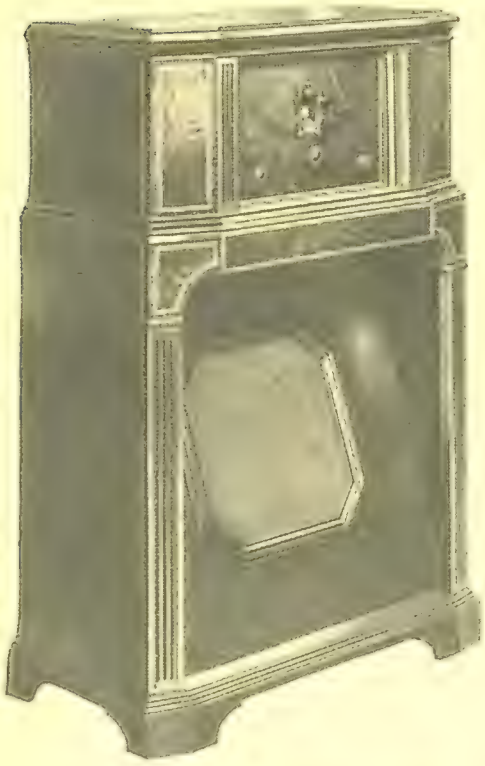

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Not Without Introductions!

The Story of an Adorable Orphan Who Was Imported by Blackmail

By DOROTHY COTTRELL

Pictures by D'ALTON VALENTINE

(Reading time: 27 minutes 55 seconds.)

MISS CECILIA MACLARRON—known locally as the one who worked in the library—was in tears. "We should take him!" she said. "Suppose he gets with the wrong kind of people? Suppose he grows up a thief? And," she added rather weakly, "he looks so little in his picture!"

Miss Judith MacLarron—the one who ran the house—said: "I see no reason why, at our advanced ages, we should take in Dick Fenton's brat. If Sally wanted to elope with a man she could never even have been introduced to at home—well, that was her affair. And the fact that Dick got himself drowned and she moped herself to death over it doesn't make their boy any business of ours! There are homes and places where orphan children can be sent, aren't there?"

Miss Vera MacLarron—"almost the youngest one"—had winced slightly at the mention of their ages. She still wore rather girlish dresses, and was often hurt by the rather coarse frankness of her sister Judith in relation to birthdays.

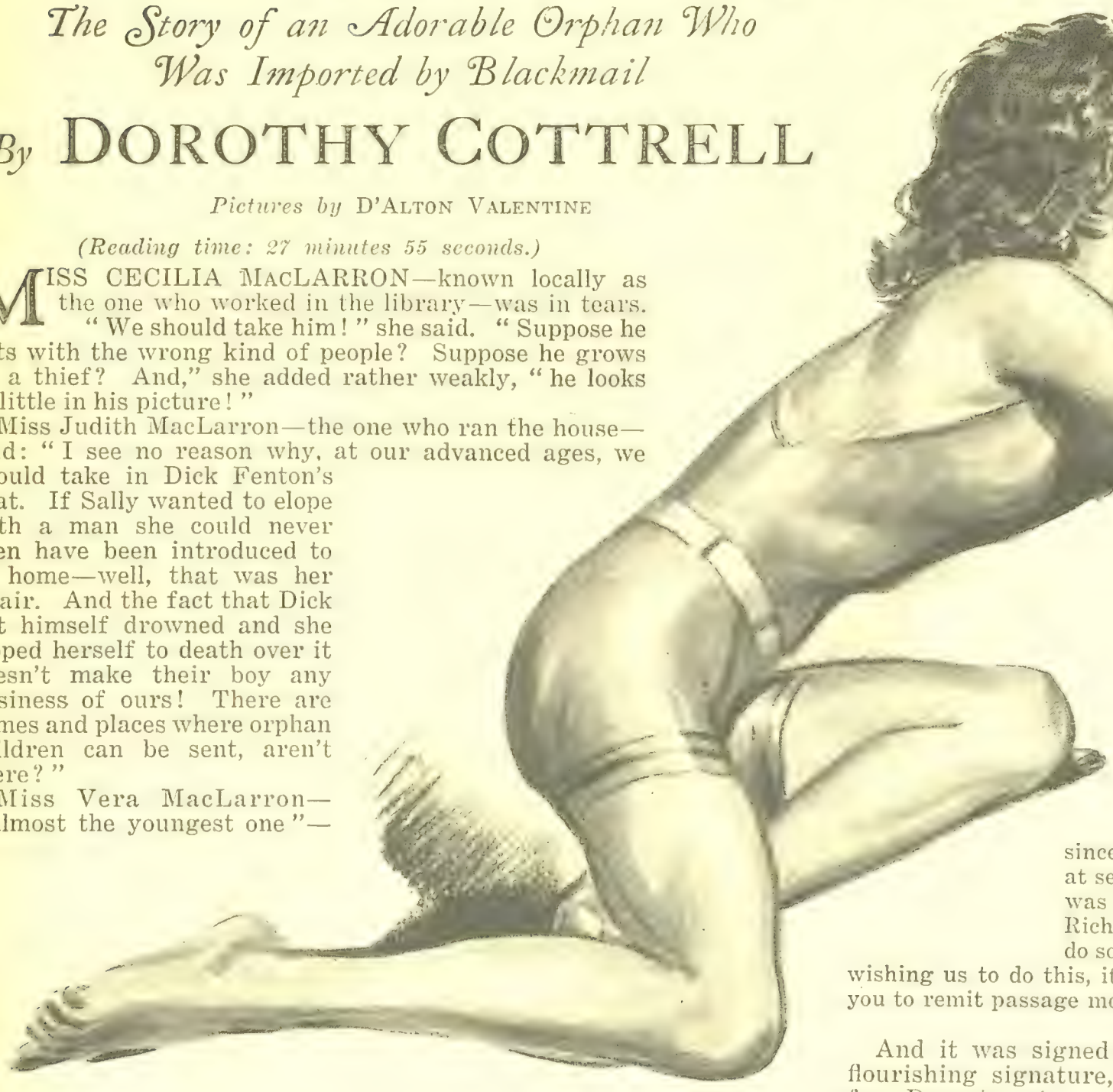
"It's not a matter of age," she said coldly. "It's simply a question of whether we are under any *obligation* to take in that man's child—"

Miss Edith MacLarron—the one who had headaches—shook her head decisively. "Our only obligation is to our own peace and comfort," she declared firmly. "We owe nothing to the child!"

The letter which had started the upheaval had come from California, and it said:

DEAR MISS MACLARRON:

With deep regret we must inform you that your sister, [illegible]lly Fenton, died last night. She had been increasingly ill since her husband was lost at sea last May. Her wish was that we send young Richard to you. Shall we do so? In the event of your wishing us to do this, it will be necessary for you to remit passage money.



A GAY girl—who was only incidentally his mother—playing with him in the sands.

And it was signed by someone with a flourishing signature, for the State Welfare Department.

Miss Cecilia was moved to a fresh burst of tears whenever she thought of the letter. "It shows that no one loves him," she said dismally. "They—they call him 'young Richard,' and you know his name is Dickie!"

None of her sisters took any notice.

With the exception of "the youngest one of all," the red-cheeked, dark-eyed Sally, whose little son they were now discussing, none of the Miss MacLarrons had married. True, they had sometimes been upon the verge of it. But, to use their own phraseology, "At the last minute something always arose to prove the man undesirable." Either he had a wife already, or he disappeared, "address unknown," or something like that.

The Miss MacLarrons lived on in the little North Queensland town of Eolian—in Harp Street, appropriately enough—walled by glimmering blue tropic mountains on one side, and by glimmering blue tropic sea upon

the other, and they became more and more "careful" about meeting people "without the very best introductions."

"Goodness knows," they said, as a finale to the discussion of Sally's son, "what sort of tendencies the child has inherited from his father."

Miss Cecilia MacLarron held up the little picture of Dickie—the one Sally had sent them six months ago. He was a very sturdy little boy with rather close-cut curling red hair, wearing a sailor suit, and he held the model of a ship. This suit and ship had somehow affronted the Misses MacLarron, because they reminded them of his father, who had been a "common" American sailor, and who had carried Sally away in strong brown arms—to life!—and had made her so happy that she had died for love of him when his ship went down.

Miss Cecilia MacLarron was surprised to find that now she didn't care who, or how unintroduceable, Dickie's father had been. She looked at the photo as a toy-starved child may look at a pictured doll.

"HE would," said Miss Cecilia, mopping at her rather fine nose with a small sodden handkerchief—"he would be the sunshine of this house!" Perhaps owing to her twenty years' association with the library, she was given to sentimentality of phrase.

"Bah!" said Miss Judith shortly.

"There are others to consider," said Miss Vera.

Miss Edith said: "My health is entitled to some consideration. Boys romping and roaring all over the house would be a little too much!"

Miss Cecilia made a last effort.

"There is only one of him, and I *know* he would hardly romp and roar at all," she said muffledly. "I would move into the old gardener's cottage with him. He would be no trouble!"

Her sisters ignored her—not rudely, but with the polished ease wherewith you can ignore people after thirty or forty years of practice.

"We may as well draft the cable," they said.

"We can just say, 'Utterly impossible take child stop make what arrangements you consider best,'" said Miss Judith.

Miss Cecilia MacLarron had stood up. There was a sudden unnoticed pink in her cheeks, a gleam in her faded blue eyes.

"I am going downtown," she said clearly. "I will take the message.

She put on her fur, which had to be fastened a special way so that its worn places did not show, and then, donning her second-best hat, which she liked to think "no one would dream" had been "retrimmed seven times," she went to see Mr. Bickford the banker.

Mr. Bickford had been in Eolian for forty years. He was very fat, and very correct, and once, long ago, he had been supposed to be fond of Miss MacLarron; but "nothing had come of it," and he had married a local heiress.

Miss Cecilia sat before him now with her gloved hands trembling and the flush in her cheeks.

"I wish you to regard this as most confidential," she said, and the blood stained her face more deeply. Then, looking up, she asked earnestly:

"Would it be possible to have a child—a very small child—sent across the Pacific 'pay on delivery'?"

MR. BICKFORD'S sandy eyebrows shot up. He looked positively alarmed. "My dear Miss Cecilia," he said in a muffled voice. "My dear lady! You are not ill?" Knowing Miss Cecilia, he was not startled at her rather vague knowledge of marine freights but at the nature of the goods she wanted shipped.

"No, I'm not ill!" she said with, for her, quite incredible firmness. Then she leaned forward. "How much would it cost to have one sent?"

He still looked at her as if she had asked the fare for a baboon from Borneo or a tiger from Timpalle; but there was something imperative in her mild and faded eyes. He coughed. "I will telephone the shipping office. From the United States, I presume?"

"Yes," said Miss Cecilia.

In a few minutes he announced, "Approximately forty pounds."

Miss Cecilia paled slightly and asked: "How much have I in the bank?" But she already knew that she had only two pounds. After investigation had verified this, she asked:

"Will you lend me the rest of the money? I am sure that I could repay it in three years, if I was saving—even after paying my share of the house expense—" Her eyes grew calculating, her manner more characteristically vague. "You see, I could do without my rubber heels, and there is no need for me to go to the cinema once a fortnight, and—and all sorts of things. Then, when my eyes are good evenings, I could do binding work at the library."

Mr. Bickford looked pink; he looked fat and important. He coughed and asked:

"What security could you offer, Miss Cecilia?"

She did not misunderstand this, but she was not, for once, overawed by the sacred principles of finance. Instead her flush deepened still more.

"I think," she said clearly and softly, "that you know I couldn't offer any."

He looked down and played with his pen.

"It is a very large amount," he said, and coughed again. "I am afraid I cannot see my way—"

She leaned forward, and her tall, genteel, and ungainly figure looked purposeful and menacing. Her cheeks were quite red now.

"Do you remember when we were engaged to be married?" she said.

Mr. Bickford blushed.

"My dear lady— Our salad days!"

"And then you found someone with a lot more money than I had, and—and younger—and you left me without even telling me you were going?"

"Merely avoiding useless words--painful misunderstandings," he muttered.

"Left me thinking we were still engaged, keeping on writing to you as if we were still engaged, while you were getting ready to marry someone else! Not knowing

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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until I learned from someone else!" said Miss Cecilia.

He was silent.

"Well," she said quietly, "I let you go, and never even told my sisters anything about it all. It would have hurt you if I had talked. And I didn't blame you—it is hard to tell people unpleasant things. But now, will you do me this favor?"

When she got outside again with her certified check she could scarcely stand. Her knees were shaking so that they touched each other. She had to go and sit down in the park for a few minutes.

She—Miss Cecilia MacLarron—had done this! She felt sick.

Then she thought of Dickie holding his little boat, and of the "homes and places" to which he could, of course, be sent. All at once she was proud.

At the cable office she dispatched a message reading:

SEND CHILD AT ONCE WILL MEET HIM AT SHIP.

Six weeks later she carried a fat sleeping small boy up the steps to the MacLarron residence. She walked rather ostentatiously through the dining room, where the MacLarron sisters were assembled. Her progress was as nearly a piratical swagger as Miss Cecilia was ever likely to achieve.

"What is this?" she said in her high, sweet tones. "This is Dickie! How did he get here? *I* sent for him! You can, I suppose, turn us out, but I am going to keep him. Please don't wake him up—you can say what you want to say when I've put him to bed." In the painful silence she walked toward the garden door. She actually kicked it open with her foot. "I have arranged little rooms for us both in the cottage," she said.

"YOU are not to go thinking up lions around here."

NEXT day she came back from the library to find that Dickie had been moved from the little room she had prepared. For a moment she had a fear they might have chartered a ship to send him back to the States. Such was not the case, however.

"We felt it was much better to have him in the big house," said Miss Judith. "He is in the room next to mine."

"I still say the room next to mine was the proper one!" said Miss Vera.

"I took him down to Mrs. Phipps and changed his clothes for more appropriate things," said Miss Edith. "We didn't think those things you had got for him were at all suitable, Cecilia."

Miss Cecilia said nothing. They had taken him away from the little room, and dressed him in other clothes than the ones she had chosen. She was incapable of further resistance.

"Those sweaters were absurd, Cecilia," said Miss Judith.

"The little creamy sweaters? Perhaps they were," said Miss Cecilia, turning away.

In a metaphorical sense, this ended Miss Cecilia MacLarron's life—which had, once again metaphorically speaking, been begun by the Welfare Department's letter. For a brief span she had risen from the ranks of "the Miss MacLarrons" to be a person. Now she dropped meekly back into the rôle of "one of the aunts." But nothing could alter the fact that she had lived! In her own eyes she was henceforward a bold adventuress who had committed blackmail for the love of a man—albeit the man was only five years old.

Dickie himself was a little puzzled. He stood firmly upon dimpled legs, with his feet rather far apart and his blue eyes looking out beneath small golden-red feathers of eyebrows, and tried not to feel lost in the strange world of aunts in which he had been cast.

IT was so different from the world that had made up his life. That had been a stormy, vivid thing. A little shabby, gay house by the Californian sea. A gay girl—who was only incidentally his mother—playing with him in the sands: all gay red bathing suit, and red cap, that would come off and let her brown hair get wet—and red lips laughing! Splashing waves, sun-glint, and mist. Hilarious excursions to see big deep-tooting ships in a crowded harbor. Himself talking to the sailors. Wild joy when a big brown laughing man, who was his father, came home to them, and hugged and kissed his mother, and took him piggy-back. Wild tears whenever the big man left. Stunning, fearful, white-faced grief when, for some reason, the big man would come no more! . . . Then his mother dying. Kissing his red head, smiling at him: "I'm sorry to be doing this, Dick. But don't be a cry-baby or a fraidy-cat, honey! Be a brave boy!"

Then desolation, strangers, confusion. Being "a brave boy" through it, standing sturdily, not crying except when the tears burst him. And now he was in a new, quiet world where things were different. Instead of two passionately loving, living beings making his world, there were numbers of strange, rather withered aunts being "careful" about things. Instead of a bright, battered cottage about which a boy could climb, there was a strange, large house, carefully darkened and closed against glare, and full of delicate things waiting for a small boy to break them. Instead of the floor being of gayly painted planking, it was of dark-green shiny oilcloth, so polished that you could see yourself in it.

True, the oilcloth might have been turned to good purpose if he'd been given a chance. But he wasn't! The first time he took what he later learned to have been the "rosebud cushion" off the "best plush" sofa and put it in the middle of the dark glistening hall and then took a header at it which carried him, shrieking "Whoopy!" right to the kitchen veranda—boy! Was there a fuss!

"Meals" were worse than the house! Insteag of being scrappy, jolly affairs, that weren't called "meals" at all but just "something to eat," and that might be eaten out under a white moon, or on a sunny beach, or in a corner of the old careening Ford, they were sedate functions which began to the minute ding-dong of a little bell, and proceeded interminably, while Dickie's legs went dreadfully to sleep.

Now, even as he thought about it, the bell donged. He went to the bathroom and brushed the extreme front of his red hair down flat, but left the balance in a state of

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY]

Bad Taste

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BT-4

[NOT WITHOUT INTRODUCTIONS!
Continued from page eighteen]

nature. Then he moistened his hands and pattered in to lunch.

Almost at once they said: "You must not wriggle, darling!" And: "Don't bounce, dear!" And he had learned at previous meals that they didn't like him to sail wafer ships in his soup to the accompaniment of appropriately nautical exclamations such as "Heave ho!" or "Thar she blows!"

Well, if he had to sit still he was at least going to have a good reason for it. He would "betend" that there was a lion waiting at the head of his chair to gobble him up if he moved or looked around!

A lion—that was it! He had been read a story once about people having breakfast and a snake coming up and being ready to bite them if they moved. So they had to sit still and pretend not to see it.

Now there was a lion behind his chair. It was big and big and *big!* And its tail went this way and that way, and it would pounce if he looked round! Its big claws would come down terribly in the middle of the pink roses in the middle of the shining white tablecloth. And the white thick pudding would fly everywhere, and get into Aunt Cecilia's "part" and down Aunt Vera's pink blouse! And the great "roarney" lion would give Aunt Judith such a fright that she would stop sitting up as if she were balancing something—perhaps her dignity—on top of her head. Its mouth would be open and red and it would give a fearful roar and eat people! But, oh, boy! The way it would liven things up while it was about it!

The aunts talked uninterestingly. "You know that new Mrs. Levington? She came into Moffit's while I was there today." "Tom Jackson has been taken into the bank." "When do we have the Ladies' Aid next?" "Some more tea, Vera?"

His legs were fast asleep. He felt that he was bursting with the desire to run and whoop! And they were only just beginning the pudding—and that would go on for hours and hours and hours!

Would he look round and make the lion jump? He thought so! He turned cold.

He could not! *He would!*

He grasped the arms of his chair, he gave one long wild shriek, and turned round, shutting his eyes as he did so.

"Look out!" he shrieked. "*Look out! Oh! Oh!*"

The effect was nearly the same as if the lion had materialized. Aunt Vera, who had been passing the water pitcher, dropped it into the blancmange. The blancmange did all the things Dickie had hoped for it. Aunt Edith screamed and fainted. Aunt Judith said:

"What in heaven's name?"

Aunt Cecilia gave a little series of gasps and poured some warm tea down Dickie's neck. And Dickie, who had not been quite certain—not quite God-cut-my-throat sure—of his lion, now fully believed in it!

"Bloods!" he yelled. "Bloods running *down* me!"

AUNT CECILIA clasped him. With his eyes still shut and his face crimson with excitement, he wriggled and struggled.

"Let me go! Let me go!" he yelled.

"What is it, darling?" she cried. "My darling little boy, what is it?"

"A lion! A *lion!* Run! Run!" he shrieked. "He will eat us all with his great red mouth!"

"The child is *ill,*" said Aunt Cecilia. "Get a doctor!"

"I'll un-ill him!" said Aunt Judith grimly. "Here, young man! Open your eyes! What's the meaning of this?"

He opened his eyes. He was scarlet and breathing fast. But he was beginning to be not so sure of the lion again—beginning to fear that he was to be left all lionless and by himself to reckon with Aunt Judith.

"*My* lion—where is he?" he asked in a rather small voice.

"*What* lion?" said the formidable Aunt Judith.

"My lion."

"You have no lion. Explain yourself."

"My lion what I thinked up," he said unwillingly.

"Listen," said Aunt Judith firmly. "You are not to go thinking up lions round here, do you understand? You very naughty little boy! This may be an antique museum—it is not a menagerie."

His head hung. His red lower lip protruded and quivered slightly. They were all a little moved by its quivering.

"Why," said Aunt Cecilia—"why did you think up a lion in the middle of lunch, dear?"

He looked up, with his eyes wide and blue as the sea.

"What were you thinking of?" demanded Aunt Judith sharply.

HIS tiny red brows frowned; his lip stood out further.

"It was so *stupid* here," he said. "A lion seemed kind of nice to come and eat you!"

"Dickie!" They looked at him with real amazement. They were both hurt and shocked. Even Aunt Cecilia said no word in his defense as Miss Judith took him by the ear and led him toward his room.

"In there you go, and there you stay until you are a better little boy," she said. "You are a most naughty, ungrateful little child who must learn to appreciate what has been done for him!"

He wiped a dimpled fist across his eyes, but he managed to hold back the tears in accordance with the mandate of a dying girl: "Don't be a cry-baby."

Aunt Judith returned to the dining room. She looked pale.

"He is a hard child," she said unsteadily. "He did not even cry after all I said to him."

In his little wooden room, Dickie sat down squarely on the floor, and for a moment he thought the sobs would burst him. Then he took in the room's possibilities. Light, mysterious and darkly gold, came through the cracks in the Venetian blinds at the door. It made a gold stairway up the hall, leading to the little window high, high up, as high as a man's head! If it were a real stairway Dickie could go up it.

Why not build a stairway!

It was a terribly tall, wild stairway when it was finished—containing a chair, a cardboard box sideways, a footstool, and a cardboard box endways. He tried it, and it wabbled dreadfully.

His heart sank and he almost decided not to try again. Then he heard a girlish voice laughing:

"Don't be a scaredy-cat! I just couldn't have a scaredy-cat to show Big Dick when he comes home!"

Big Dick would never come home any more. The girlish, laughing voice would never come to him any more.

He felt a bursting coming on. Then he gulped. Well, never mind; he was at least not a scaredy-cat! Perhaps somewhere the girl and Big Dick were glad of this.

He mounted the chair, a rather wide-eyed hero, balancing with his stomach against the stool. He was on the stool, the wabble increasing. He was on the soap box—and the window ledge was just above his reach. One step more!

But the whole structure was swaying. He made it, and felt his stairway going out with him. He grabbed for the ledge and got a partial hold.

He fought to hold the ledge. Not a scaredy-cat! Not a let-go!

He gained! He was up, and out! Round the sagging veranda he went, down the steps pell-mell. Down the street toward the little town—dodging round corners, crossing vacant lots—finally ending up in a sandy marine lumber yard full of delightful bits of boats and old anchor chains, some of them with little barnacles on them! And, best of all, there were other little boys playing in the corner at building a house!

Dickie dropped down with a plop.

"Hullo," he said. "Can I play?"

They looked at him coldly, more particularly at his ripe-peach cheeks and velveteen suit.

THEY looked at each other, eighty years and five. "I'd mend my ways, laddie," said the old man.

"Naw," they said. "You can't. We don't want no babies here!"

"I'm not a baby," said Dickie stoutly. "I'm a boy! An' I have just come all the way from 'Merica in a bigger ship than you was ever let *look* at, an' my father was drowned at sea in a big storm, an' I can box the compass!"

He had left home at half past two—an innocent, spotless little boy in velveteens.

He returned at half past five—a Bloody Pirate, and perfectly filthy.

The aunts were still unused to these surprising transitions of childhood, but they had been so stricken with terror at his absence that they forgot the punishments they had prepared for him.

His eyes were starry and remote with bliss. He swaggered as he talked and small happy whistles and inappropriate whoops exuded from him.

"I am," he said loftily, "a real binitiated Bloody Pirate of the Salt Blue Sea! They said I was a baby—but, oh, boy! I showed 'em! Yes, sir! I could tell 'em more about the sea 'an all of 'em had ever learned up put together all their lives! They didn't even know what a nautical vaviation was!"

The aunts, who didn't know either, embraced him and wept over him, and rang the police and the dredging service and the churches to say that he was found again. But he was so happy that he hardly noticed.

"WE are," he said, "going to have a ticnic next month! And we are going to eat oysters down on the Old Hulk—really truly going out to it in a boat!"

He looked up at them with his red-gold hair shining and his eyes starry. Then terror, sheer and dark, leaped into his eyes. He clutched the skirts of the nearest aunt.

"If I am fearfully, *fearfully* good, and don't say 'Oh, boy!' once, and don't think up one lion, I *can* go to the ticnic, *can't I?*"

The aunts were not yet themselves. They were so glad that he had not been kidnaped, or eaten by a crocodile, or carried out with the ebb, that they said yes before their tears were dry or their intellects clear.

Dickie extended his hand.

"Thank you!" he said gravely. "I really *can* be good. Even the aunt sort of good—although that is much harder than the nordinary sort."

He kept his word. He really was wonderfully good—at what strain the ladies did not realize. After a few days they even lost sight of the main reason for the goodness—while they also began to doubt the wisdom of letting him go to the picnic. Inquiry into the Bloody Pirates revealed that, while they might be rulers of the Salt Blue Sea, their membership was regrettably plebeian. Indeed, it could sink no lower, as it included even the son of the Sanitary Man—that humble individual who flourished before sewage systems and drew himself to the public mind by leaving little poems in strange places at Christmas time.

THE old Hulk, prospective scene of the picnic, was, so it appeared, the actual property of the Sanitary Boy, who had acquired it by much mowing of a retired sea captain's lawns.

This discovery decided the aunts.

"He cannot possibly go," they said. "Goodness knows what sort of child that sort of person has!"

"He might even," said Aunt Cecilia, who had fully reverted to family ways of thought, "teach Dickie to swear!"

"And if Dickie made that sort of friendship, the child's father might even expect to be *introduced* to us!" said Aunt Edith.

To this horrible suggestion, and to the thought of Dickie's going to the picnic at all, they replied in one voice and in one word:

"Impossible!"

"I hope," they said, as an afterthought, "that Dickie will not be disappointed."

Dickie had lived in the thought of the picnic. It had carried him—lionless—through endless meals when his fat legs went to sleep and sheer impatience almost lifted him up bodily from his chair. It had helped him with his best velveteen, even.

In the small private report of his progress which he made to the memory of Big Dick and the red-cheeked girl he had said:

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[NOT WITHOUT INTRODUCTIONS!
Continued from page twenty-one]

"It is terribly dreadful here, but I am going to the ticnic!"

It was the sheet anchor of a distressed mariner.

Then, just a week before the picnic, Aunt Cecilia, who had been delegated to tell him, said:

"Dickie dear, would you like a little boat to sail?"

Some instinct of impending disaster warned him. He approached warily.

"Why?" he asked rather hoarsely, his eyes wide, and dark blue as the bay before a storm.

Aunt Cecilia patted his small hand. "We are afraid, dear, that you had better not go to that picnic you spoke about," she said. "We could not let you go to that horrid old wrecked boat. It is not a nice place for you."

"Why not?" he asked in the breath of a voice, while his face went quite white.

"You wouldn't understand," she said gently.

"*Why not?*" he cried. "I will know *why not!*"

Aunt Judith had come to reënforce her sister.

"Because," she said sternly, "the people who are going—the people who own that old hulk—are not the sort of people we would want to have here to tea or would ever be introduced to! If you are any wiser now, I am glad! And we will hear no more of it."

Dickie's face went bright red. He clenched his little fists.

"But, aunt—*you promised!*"

"We have changed our minds."

"You can't! You *promised*—you *did* promise!"

"That is enough!" she said. "Come away, Cecilia!"

"I must go like I was promised! I will!" he cried in anguish. "Oh! Oh!"

"You will behave yourself!" said Aunt Judith.

"He will," they said, outside, "soon forget about it."

THROUGH the panels a small, sob-muffled voice shrieked:

"You devils! You cruel, wicked devils!" Then followed terrible nautical terms of whose meaning they were ignorant but shuddered to think.

"And," they said in amazement, "he has hardly had time to learn them from the Sanitary Boy, either!"

And now they came up against something for which they were at a loss to account. Dickie was bad; really, solidly bad. He destroyed his velveteen suit.

He used all his forbidden Americanisms of speech. He swore and disobeyed.

"You would not have thought," said the distracted aunts, "that so young a child could be so bad."

Punishment did not seem to reach him; neither did reasoning.

They were appalled at the hitherto unsuspected evil of the masculine nature.

They finally sent for the Rev. MacPherson, who was eighty years old, six feet six in height, and very straight.

"Try," they said, "to find out what is the matter with him!"

"I'll reason wi' him," said the Rev. MacPherson.

He came and took Dick's small hot hand in his and said:

"We will go for a walk, lad."

When the aunts saw them coming back an hour later, Dickie was talking freely, but there was still the frown of trouble and revolt on his baby brow. The old pastor sat down on the steps.

"Well, Dick," he said gravely, "I always liked your appearance. I like ye better now we know each other. What I can't understand is why a man like ye should be set so firmly in the ways of evil, so up to all kinds of sinfulness!"

Dickie looked darkly down and said:

"I'll be worse as soon as I think of a way. I'll go to the devil soon as I know how!"

They looked at each other, eighty years and five.

"I'd mend my ways, laddie," said the old man.

"Don't ye want to go to heaven when ye dee, lad?"

DICKIE looked up at him.

"Heaven belongs to God, doesn't it?" he said.

The old man assented.

"Well," said Dickie, looking at him under level brows, "can you have God to afternoon tea? An' have my aunts ever been introduced to Him?"

The preacher's eyebrows rose slightly.

"Well, I kind of doubt it!" he said wonderingly.

A little, stormy, rebellious boy looked at him.

"Well," he said, "it's no use *my* thinking of going to heaven—they'd never let me!"

He thrust his small hands into his nautical pockets, and with his least regenerate sailor roll he moved slowly away round the house.

The preacher took out his handkerchief and began to blow his nose vigorously and long. A pealing Scotch blast of sound, punctuated by gasps which might have been laughter.

Then he looked twinklingly up at the Misses MacLarron.

"Good afternoon to ye, leddies," he said in his broadest Scotch, rising to depart. "I'd suggest ye dinna be quite sa careful about the wee laddie!"

He began to blow his nose again; a volcanic convulsion of laughter rumbled through it unmistakably.

He went toweringly down the path.

"By the by, I recall he spoke something o' a picnic," he added, from the gate.

The aunts looked at one another and the slow pink surged up in their withered cheeks.

"Perhaps," they said, "we have been rather too careful with the child?" Their hands twisted nervously.

"Perhaps," they added, still more slowly, "we had better let him go to the picnic!"

Another story by Miss Cottrell about Dickie and his adventures will appear in an early issue.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE—

A Paradise Gone Mad—Facing the Facts in Hawaii

A vivid picture of startling conditions in the "melting pot of the Pacific"

by

Donald Barr Chidsey

Also stories and articles by

John Erskine—Helen Christine Bennett—Conrad Richter—Frank Leon Smith—Franklin P. Adams—Jack Curley

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2—What are steppes?

3—Of what country was Menelik II emperor?

4—What is the length of the regulation marching pace in the army of the United States?

5—What is the monetary unit of Norway?

6—Who was the wife of Odysseus in Greek mythology?

7—What armies were engaged in the Battle of Thermopylæ?

8—What is a shambles?

9—What kind of creature is a basilisk?

10—Panama was once a part of what country?

11—In what state is the James River?

12—What materials are called naval stores?

13—What is a leveret?

14—How many points on a compass?

15—What is the source of insulin?

16—What is an orison?

17—What is a littoral?

18—What is a hybrid?

19—Who was Tecumseh?

20—What is a wapiti?

(Answers will be found on page thirty-eight)

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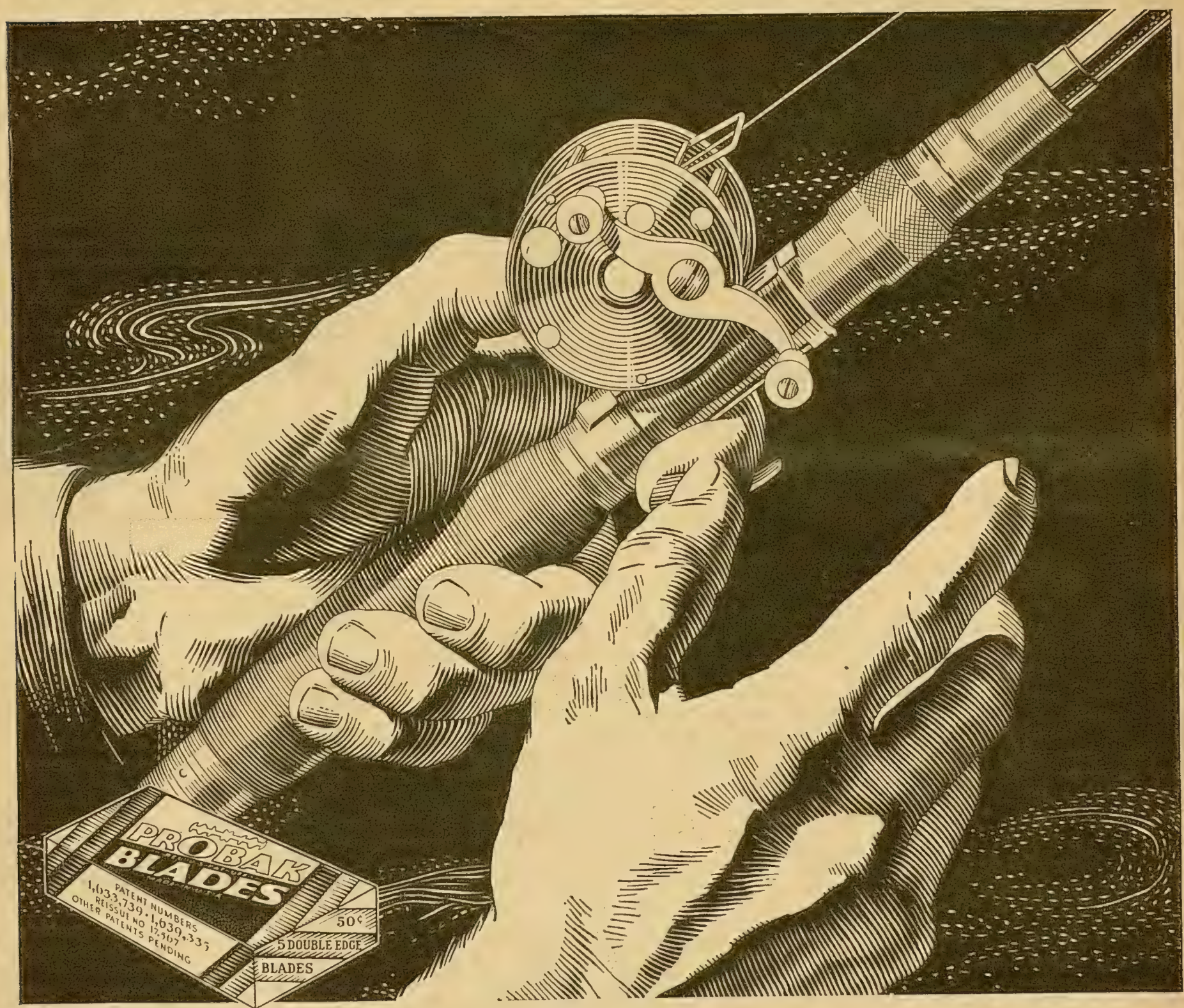

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PROBAK BLADES

THE BLADE FOR MEN THAT *ARE* MEN

Forty TAX

Has the Graduated Income Tax

By JAY

(Reading time: 15 minutes 5 seconds.)

OF all fool ideas, the one which gets the biggest hand from the boobs is the notion that somebody else can be made to pay their taxes. More especially, the idea prevails that the rich can somehow be made to disgorge their plunder while the poor man goes scot-free. Hence the income tax, and hence the popular enthusiasm for a system under which five million taxpayers, more or less, or about one-tenth of the Americans who are gainfully employed, contribute a fourth of the government's income, while corporations pay as much more. The remaining forty million wage earners vote loud and long for the continuance of this system, and kid themselves into thinking that, somehow or other, justice has been done and the national income redistributed.

Up to 1913 we didn't have an income tax—the Supreme Court said it was unconstitutional, although the government had collected it for a great many years after the Civil War. In the first year of the Wilson Administration, however, the Sixteenth Amendment was ratified, since when the graduated income tax has been a part of our system of government. At first the rates were extremely mild, and were calculated to make the modern capitalist water at the mouth. You paid 1 per cent on the first $50,000 of taxable income. The highest rate, 6 per cent, didn't begin to hit you until you got $500,000; and even in 1916, when the rates were a good deal higher, fewer than half a million people had to pay the tax.

Then came the war. Exemptions, which had been high at first—$3,000 for a single man—dropped like a stock quotation, and the rates hit an all-time high of 65 per cent on the big incomes, while incomes over $50,000 a year paid 25 per cent. By 1920 nearly four billion dollars was collected in income taxes and over seven million people were paying them.

Then came Harding and "normalcy" and Republican "prosperity"; and for ten years the rates dropped and the exemptions rose until, in 1930, the maximum tax was 20 per cent, the number of taxpayers was two and a half millions, and the tax receipts stood at about two and a half billions. And every two years, like clockwork, just before election the Republicans crashed through with a tax reduction and a surplus, and Alexander Hamilton was widely regarded as the greatest Secretary of the Treasury before Andrew Mellon.

Then along came the depression, and the Treasury was caught short in its bookkeeping. For the first time since Prosperity was a pup, we passed up the tax cut in 1930, and the result was a Democratic victory in the Congressional elections. In 1931 there was a deficit for the first time since the war, and that deficit amounted to the sum of $901,959,080, which would not be easy to laugh off even if you were only the greatest Secretary of the Treasury since your immediate predecessor.

At any rate it was no laughing matter at Washington, and in the middle of December, 1931, the Treasury presented a new tax schedule, amid loud groans: taxes on automobiles, trucks, radios, telephone calls, telegrams; taxes on realty conveyances; higher taxes on tobacco; taxes on all theater admissions, beginning at ten cents; and higher taxes on all incomes, lower exemptions, and surtaxes as high as 40 per cent on the big incomes. The net effect of it all is that the man with a small income, say $2,000, pays three times as much as he did, while the man with a big income must prepare to give until it hurts.

NATURALLY, this seems very wrong to a lot of people, but not for the right reason. The man with a small income feels that the big fellow should stand the racket, and the big fellow feels that the whole idea that he should pay and the others get off easy is positively lewd and lascivious within the meaning of the statute. Both sides are wrong; for the fact is that not nearly enough people are taxed—but that doesn't make it any simpler.

The plain fact is that we must have higher taxes, because the depression has turned Mr. Mellon's calculations into a row of asterisks, and everybody must help pay them. The government, moreover, faces big deficits during the next two years, and must either borrow, economize, or raise the taxes. Anybody who takes a look at current quotations of government bonds can get an idea of exactly how good is the government's credit and how much it will cost to borrow money from the banks. Economy is no help in a period when purchasing power must be maintained. Higher taxes are the only answer in a situation in which the Treasury reckons on getting through this fiscal year, which ends next June, only $2,122,961,000 in the red, bar accidents. And the fellow who gets elected this fall will have to count on another deficit of nearly a billion and a half—a total of three and a half billion to be met by borrowing or taxes. This is a fact, not a mere taunt at the Republicans.

It's hard to figure any way of trimming down this

Million Dodgers

Really Put the Burden on the Rich?

FRANKLIN

deficit. Even if disarmament were 100 per cent successful and we spent nothing at all on our army and navy, the deficit would still be well over three and a half billion dollars. If we repudiated the national debt we would still have a deficit of two and a half billions for this terrible three years. If we adopted the plan of a well known Texas statesman and canceled ten billion dollars' worth of Liberty Bonds, on the basis of capacity to lose, to match the cancellation of the war debts, beginning with the banks and selecting the remaining Liberty Bonds by lot, we would have a deficit of four billions. If we put an end to all the social activities of the government, we would only bring the deficit down to three billions.

All the semisocialistic work of the government—the help to the veterans, the subsidy to shipping, farm relief and agriculture, the postal deficit, and the pap administered to Babbitts and union members through the departments of Commerce and Labor—costs only a billion and a half a year. Even if we reduced government to first principles and used federal funds only for defense, justice, foreign relations, administration of our possessions, even if we put the Post Office on a paying basis, turned the veterans loose, and concentrated on reducing the public debt, we wouldn't have money enough.

OF course, nothing of the sort will happen or should happen. As it is, we shall find it difficult to fend off the attacks of the panacea salesmen. The farmers are yodeling for more—not less—government money. The veterans are getting ready for another big bonus hand-out. Senator La Follette proposes a five-and-one-half-billion-dollar "Prosperity Loan," and it is obvious that the unemployed will need help. The banks and railroads are already drawing a "dole" through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and the prospect is of larger appropriations rather than economy.

At a time of great depression we must pay higher taxes, and we naturally take the point of view that it is up to every citizen to see that the other fellow pays them. Worse still, this happens at a time when we have ceased to regard the income tax as a means of raising revenue, and tend to consider it a means of punishing the millionaires for being millionaires.

In theory the Sixteenth Amendment has worked like a charm: not the poor and oppressed, but the rich and haughty, foot the bill; and the figures seem to bear this out. In 1930 eight states paid over three-quarters of the whole income tax, and one of them—New York—paid a third of the total. The Democratic South and the virtuous alfalfa and beet-root belt each paid less than 10 per cent of the tax. Even when all of the internal revenue returns are counted, ten states with less than one-half of our population paid four-fifths of our taxes, at the behest of states like Idaho, which with .36 per cent of our people paid 0.03 per cent of our taxes, and like Arkansas, with 1.51 per cent of our people, which paid one-tenth of one per cent of our taxes.

Nothing else, perhaps, could be expected of our system of government, which gives a group of states which contain less than a fifth of our people and which pay less than 6 per cent of our taxes more power over taxation than the group which contains half our population and pays 80 per cent of the taxes.

The only thing which has made this possible is the idea that, if the rich pay, somehow the poor get off. Hence the graduated income tax, with its soul-stirring principle that if A's income is ten times B's income, and there are ten Bs to one of A, A shall pay fifty or a hundred times as much as B. This idea has been more than popular with an electorate of forty million tax dodgers, and so we find that less than one-fourth of the income-tax payers contribute 98 per cent of the income tax. What could be more cheering than the notion that 2 per cent of the electorate are paying 20 per cent of the cost of government? Anybody who objects to such a system must be a criminal-minded reactionary, a very rich man, or both.

ALAS for this bright thought! In theory it is splendid; in practice the Sixteenth or Income Tax Amendment works about as well as the Eighteenth or Prohibition Amendment. The whole country, not just the East, pays the tax; the poor help keep the Treasury in fodder. Collect an income tax from a corporation, and the tax is simply written into that corporation's operating expenses and is reflected in the price charged to the public for goods or services. Collect income taxes from a rich man, and he simply goes out and gets a little richer in order to pay the tax. In either case, the tax is written into costs which are collected from the community, and in business every cost must carry its own profit.

In the case of the tariff, for every dollar of customs revenue that finds its way to Washington, ten dollars is collected from the consumers of domestic and imported articles. For every dollar of income tax paid to the gov-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[FORTY MILLION TAX DODGERS
Continued from page twenty-five]

ernment, at least three dollars is extracted from the community by the taxpayers, who are determined to take no chances. Every tax finds its way at last to the poor and honest toiler and the pure and enlightened Westerner, in the form of higher rents and interest charges, or lower wages and prices, pyramiding as they go in a form which piles up the big fortunes and concentrates the country's wealth in the East.

The real objection to the income tax is that it has worked in exactly the opposite way to what was planned. The idea is, of course, admirable: to redistribute the national income by penalizing the rich for being rich and letting the poor go free. Mr. Mellon once spoke of the income tax as the price paid for having a taxable income in the United States. It looks more like an investment. If the system were working as planned, we should expect to discover that high incomes were decreasing, and that wealth were in fact being redistributed. This is not so. A comparison of the income-tax returns for 1921 and 1927 shows that in 1921 6,662,176 people submitted returns indicating that about 4 per cent of the population were receiving 40 per cent of the national wealth. Six years later 4,101,547 people submitted returns showing that a little over 3 per cent of the people were receiving 43 per cent of the national wealth. That doesn't look like redistribution in the right direction.

In 1921, moreover, only 525,606 showed taxable incomes of over $5,000; they were paying 87 per cent of the income tax and were getting a tenth of the total national income. This sort of taxation should have reduced their numbers and their wealth. Six years later, when this class of taxpayer was paying 98 per cent of the income tax, there were 300,000 more people with high incomes, and they had exactly doubled their share of the national wealth. In that year 883,597 people, after a generation of the income tax, owned one-fifth of the wealth of the United States.

THIS means that the Sixteenth Amendment is working out as the vicious old Roman tax system did. The Roman government sold the taxes to the highest bidder, and the "publicans" who are cursed in the New Testament were only the tax collectors hired on a commission basis by the big corporations to whom the taxes were farmed out. In effect, by our direct income-tax system, we are selling to the rich the right to collect from the community, by indirect business methods, taxes which are far greater than the sums which the government receives.

This, in turn, brings about several serious and antidemocratic evils. The income-tax receipts follow the stock market rather than the real national income, thereby exposing the government to the risks of a deficit and putting it definitely in the power of those who have the money to lend the government. When the government lives by skimming the cream off high finance, it is in the power of high finance for its income in good years and for its credit in bad years.

On the purely social side, the income tax is collected at the cost of penalizing initiative, when business and professional skill is subject to fines which are far heavier than those levied for gross violation of the federal laws. At the same time, the mass of the people are encouraged in the dangerous belief that they are not paying for their own government. This, in turn, creates a situation in which the mass of the workers of this country are taught to regard the government as something which exists to pay their bills, while the rich, who directly support the Treasury, come to regard the government as their own property.

THE effect of the Sixteenth Amendment has been, demonstrably, to let the rich get richer and the poor get poorer, to let the rich control the government and the poor become indifferent to a citizenship which appears to ask nothing from them. For a proverb can be made to read both ways. If it is true that he who calls the tune must pay the fiddlers, it is also true that he who pays the fiddlers has the right to call the tune.

At a time like this, when the credit and strength of our government are the only steady points in a world afflicted with the economic jitters, what we need is, not higher taxes which will punish a man for being unduly rich, but taxes which will not encourage a man to become unduly rich—taxes which will make government a direct concern of all the people rather than the pet of a plutocracy, taxes which raise revenues rather than taxes which will raise the devil. If the idea of an income tax is sound, and it probably is, it should be collected impartially from everyone, at the source and at the time when the income is received.

If you import a case of boots from Czechoslovakia, the government will not let you bring it into the country until you pay the duty. It emphatically does not wait a year and then send you a form asking you to set down, as well as you can remember, exactly what you have imported and exactly how much duty you ought to pay. It is better for the government to get its revenue regularly rather than in fits and starts, and in hard times like these it is a cruel mockery to ask people to pay high taxes on last year's income, which has gone the way of all stocks in the downpour of falling prices and wage cuts. Many people cannot pay the tax for which they are liable and resort to evasion and perjury to avoid it.

Those who try to pay must make the money this year, at the expense of their neighbors, to meet the tax due on last year's income. A flat-rate 1-percent income tax, deducted from all pay

rolls, salaries, wages, dividends, fees, interest payments, rents, compensation for professional and other services, would do more to stabilize the government's income and to prevent indirect tax gouging than any other single measure. Keep the present system of income taxes if you must, as a means of keeping track of big incomes, but strike out for some system which will enable direct taxes to be paid by as many people as possible, if you wish to continue the democratic system of government.

The thing to get rid of is the middleman in taxation, by collecting at the beginning or the end of the economic process, at the source of income or at the completion of a sale, rather than sticking the tax into the middle where it can inflate costs and swell the cost of living. Tax theater tickets, tax gasoline, get rid of tax-free securities, save the hundred million dollars a year now spent on prohibition enforcement, and get back the billion-dollar revenue formerly paid by the liquor traffic. Put higher taxes on tobacco and luxuries. Tax checks and bills. Increase postage. Eliminate the free list from the tariff, reduce prohibitive duties, and make the customs revenue pay twice as much as it does now. There are plenty of sensible and practical taxes which will bring more to the Treasury and take less out of the pocket of the public than our present system of pretense and evasion.

And, above all, put your taxes where people can see and feel them, cent by cent, dollar by dollar, and compel the electorate to take an interest in and to participate in the work of self-government.

HOWEVER, nobody has had the nerve to face the American people and tell them the truth about their taxes. There is always a gang of rabble rousers and vote grabbers who figure that the good will of forty million tax dodgers is worth the price of having a government run by four or five million taxpayers. Anyone who sees that this system is leading, not to socialism but to plutocracy, not to democracy but to dictatorship, is accused of hating his fellow men, conspiring to grind the face of the poor, or of being a hired tool of the multimillionaires. The roars of public approval go to the man who cuts the income tax. The groans and hisses go to the man who proposes to increase it.

Nobody seems to have noticed that, during the twenty years in which we have had a graduated income tax especially designed to equalize and redistribute wealth, the rich have steadily been getting richer, until now one-tenth of the people own nine-tenths of the country: while the poor —who think that in some miraculous way they can dodge taxes if they don't meet the tax collector—have been steadily impoverished, until now our entire system of government and business hangs in the balance of a simple economic depression.

THE END

Now whiten up teeth that look unbrushed *this quick way*

Stop useless brushing and use simple technique that removes stain and yellow— *Teeth Whiten Up in a Hurry*

A SMILE kills romance when teeth look uncared-for and breath is bad. But it's a risk you don't have to take. For science has found a technique that quickly makes dull, dingy teeth gleaming white and attractive, and at the same time removes bad breath better than any mouthwash ever could. Try this.

Whitens Teeth— Sweetens Breath

Twice a day for 3 days scrub teeth well with a half-inch of antiseptic Kolynos on a dry brush. After the first brushing your breath will be sweet and your teeth will look cleaner. At the end of 3 days they'll look whiter—fully 3 shades whiter.

Kolynos is remarkable. Unlike anything you've ever used. It foams into and cleans out every tiny crevice—erases stain and tartar. Then it does what ordinary toothpastes fail to do—it kills millions of germs that discolor the teeth and cause decay and bad breath.

As a result, teeth are cleaned as they should be—right down to the beautiful, natural white enamel without injury. The entire mouth is purified and refreshed. The breath is kept sweet for hours on end.

If you want gleaming white teeth and a clean, sweet breath start using this scientific technique—a half-inch of antiseptic Kolynos on a dry brush twice a day. The way it works will delight you.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

CLEANS TEETH 3 SHADES WHITER IN 3 DAYS

Clive Brook and Marlene Dietrich in Shanghai Express.

A Chinese

Marlene Dietrich i

Russia's Waifs; Georg

By FREDERICK

(Reading time: 6 minutes 10 seconds.)

WHEN you see Marlene Dietrich's newest picture with the timely title, Shanghai Express, you will marvel at the superb atmospheric detail.

China was transferred to California. The railroad station at San Bernardino was converted into the Peiping terminal by the expert studio craftsmen. These technicians, too, transformed an American train of eight cars into a Chinese one, bearing English and Chinese lettering. A flat car became an armored car. A Southern Pacific locomotive was given an Oriental mask. Several Pullmans were made over, although, of course, the train interiors were studio affairs.

The Californians, despite their acclimation to movie tactics, got a kick out of this Chinese train as it moved out into the San Fernando Valley, where a mimic Chinese village was constructed. You will get an equal kick when you see this train on the screen.

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ★ SHANGHAI EXPRESS

CAST

Shanghai Lily.....Marlene Dietrich
Captain Donald Harvey.....Clive Brook
Hui Fei.....Anna May Wong
Henry Chang.....Warner Oland
Sam Salt.....Eugene Pallette
Mrs. Haggerty.....Louise Closser Hale
Rev. Carmichael.....Lawrence Grant
Colonel Lenard.....Emil Chautard
Eric Baum.....Gustav von Seyffertitz

Directed by Josef von Sternberg.
Produced by Paramount.

An exciting melodrama about a glamorous sinner. Action, color, romance—the film has everything. The Shanghai Express, with its heterogeneous collection of passengers, steams out of the Peiping station on its way to Shanghai.

Mikhail Zharov and Maria Gonta in the Russian play, Road to Life.

Director von Sternberg's camera moves adroitly about, singling out this character and that until you know them in all their strength and weakness. Mostly the story concerns the chance meeting of Captain Donald Harvey of the British medical staff and Shanghai Lily, a China coaster. A coaster, as you may guess, is a woman who lives by her wits and her wiles. Lily and Harvey, years before, had meant everything to each other. Now the meeting is disturbing to one, agonizing to the other.

The holdup of the express by Chinese rebels brings this old romance to life. It is needless to say that Captain Harvey, before the train moves into the Shanghai terminal, hours late, realizes he must have Lily back again, for Marlene Dietrich is the soiled but devastating light o' love.

Miss Dietrich does her best work in American films as the girl. And—whisper—the famous legs are not visible once in all the trying trip from Peiping to Shanghai. Thus one may be reasonably confident about the potency of her acting.

Mr. Brook is excellent as the English officer, and the whole cast is superb.

★ ★ ★ ROAD TO LIFE

CAST

Fomka Zhigan.....Mikhail Zharov
Leika Manikha.....Maria Gonta
Dandy Mustaphe.....Tzyvan Kyrla
Kolka.....Mikhail Djagafarov
Kolka's father.....Vladimir Veshnovsky
Kolka's mother.....Regina Yanushkevich
Nikolai Sergeyev.....Nikolni Batalov

Directed by Nikolai Ekk.
Produced in Russia by Mejrabpom.

Suppose the machinery of our government were wiped out suddenly. Suppose that homes collapsed with the rest of our social system. Suppose that your children were forced to band themselves together in little frightened, fighting groups to eke out an existence; stealing, hiding in old buildings, fleeing like animals before a hunter. That happened in Russia. This film, the first Russian-made talkie, tells how the Soviet government met the problem humanly and understandingly, reclaiming the wild children and transforming them into happy workers. Like all Russian films, the picture is rife with propaganda, and yet I think that American civic and social organizations ought to see it.

The Russians have gone sentimental for the first time in this picture, with the result that it has several moving moments. Plus the strange fervor that motivates all things Russian.

George Arliss and Violet Heming in The Man Who Played God.

Constance Bennett and Ben Lyon in Lady with a Past.

Lily

n Oriental Setting; a Drama of Arliss; and a Constance Bennett Picture

AMES SMITH

I am not suggesting this as a popular film. Unfortunately, not enough of us will care. To the unthinking the wild boys will be just a lot of Harpo Marxes. Still, there is a haunting performance by a young Tartar, Tzyvan Kyrla.

★ ★ ★ THE MAN WHO PLAYED GOD

CAST

Montgomery Royale.....George Arliss
Mildred.....Violet Heming
Battle.....Ivan Simpson
Florence.....Louise Closser Hale
Grace.....Bette Davis
Harold.....Donald Cook
The King.....André Luguet
The Doctor.....Charles Evans
The Lip Reader.....Oscar Apfel
Eddie.....Raymond Millard

Directed by John Adolfi.
Produced by Warner Brothers.

An effective dramatic idea lies in this film play. A once great pianist, having lost his hearing, is forced to learn lip reading. Hating and disbelieving God, the forgotten genius lives in seclusion in an apartment overlooking a New York park. Through powerful binoculars he watches the humans below. Being able to read their lips, from his Olympian heights he learns their tragedies and joys. Since he is rich, he takes a hand in their lives, and in assuming the all-seeing kindliness of the divine Providence he doubts, the musician himself comes to believe again.

This idea is none too well worked out. The picture moves sluggishly and not a little clumsily because of weak direction. But the suave, sardonic, and gracious George Arliss is admirable as the pianist who plays God.

★ ★ LADY WITH A PAST

CAST

Venice Muir.....Constance Bennett
Guy Bryson.....Ben Lyon
Donnie Wainwright.....David Manners
The Argentine.....Don Alvarado

Directed by Edward G. Griffith.
Produced by RKO-Pathé.

"I guess I'm too pure," sighs the beautiful wallflower as she gazes at herself in her mirror. She's the sort of girl that men invite out just once. The sort they dance with—once. So, in desperation, she goes to Paris, where she hires a young down-and-out American as a gigolo, and, through his canny management, acquires a scandalous reputation. When she returns to America the young men swarm about her, and she gets the chap she had loved in those sit-by-the-fire days. Now, of course, she is the fire.

The comedy moves quite speedily once it reaches Paris. But unfortunately the lovely Constance Bennett makes a very unbelievable wallflower. I am sure that Miss Bennett will be pleased when I say that I can imagine no one less fitted for the rôle. Ben Lyon so steals your sympathies as the flip young Yankee down on his luck in Paris that you hate to see the regenerate Venice Muir throw herself at the priggish social prize, played stiffly by David Manners.

Do you know that—

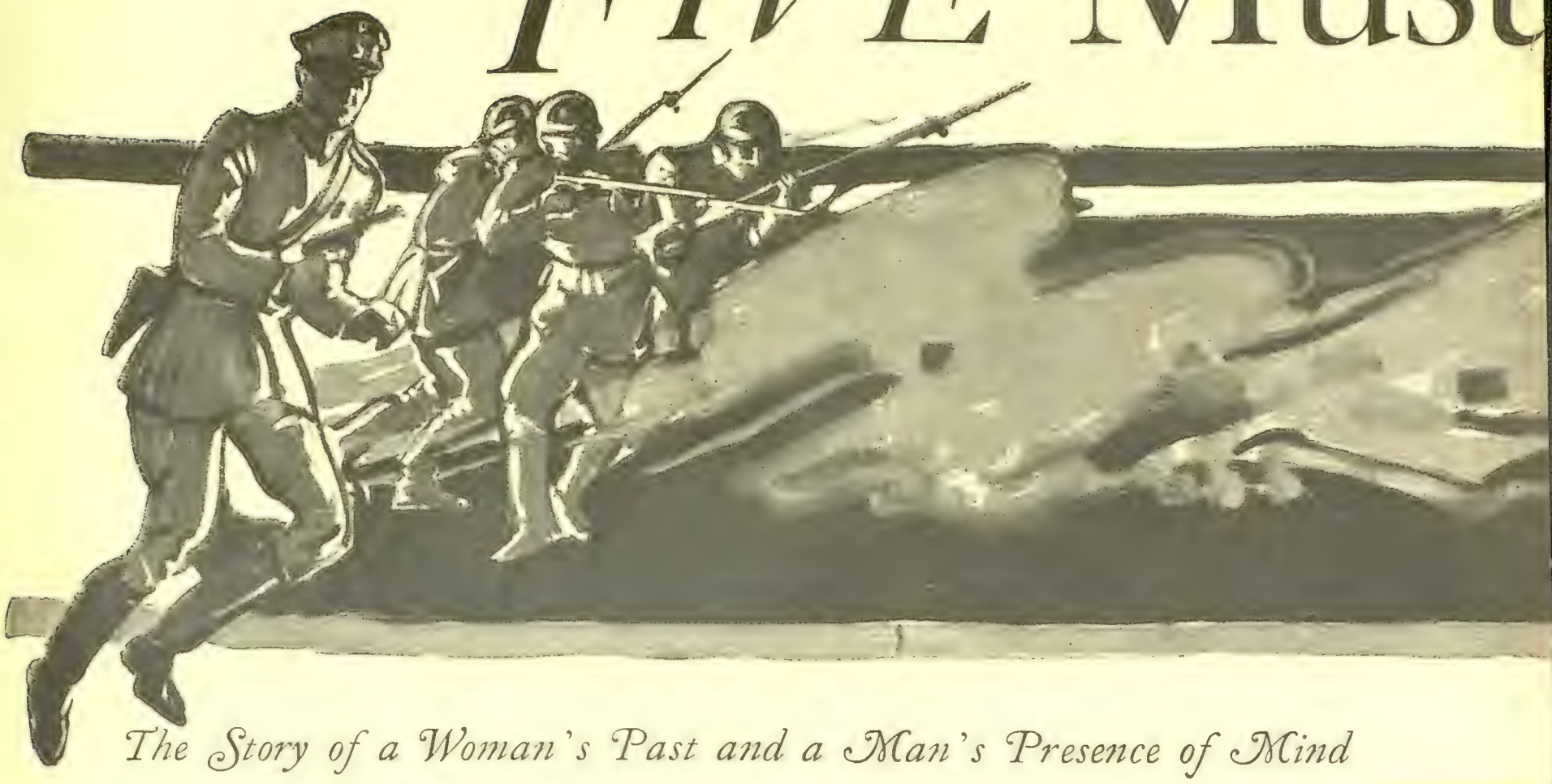
Metro-Goldwyn's filming of Grand Hotel ought to be one of the big events of 1932, since Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Wallace Beery, John Barrymore, Lionel Barrymore, and Lewis Stone are all in the cast?

Four- and three-star pictures of the last six months

★★★★—The Man I Killed (now titled Broken Lullaby), Dance Team, Emma, The Champ, Street Scene.

★★★—Tomorrow and Tomorrow, Arsène Lupin, The Greeks Had a Word for Them, Lovers Courageous, High Pressure, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Mata Hari, Tonight or Never, Hell Divers, Private Lives, Sooky, Stung, Ether Talks, Double Decoy, Arrowsmith, Frankenstein, Strictly Dishonorable, Blonde Crazy, Way Back Home, The Yellow Ticket, The Sin of Madelon Claudet, Susan Lenox, Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, The Spirit of Notre Dame, Palmy Days, The Unholy Garden, Five Star Final, The Guardsman, Personal Maid, The Spider, Waterloo Bridge, The Last Flight, Alexander Hamilton.

FIVE Must



The Story of a Woman's Past and a Man's Presence of Mind

By LLEWELLYN HUGHES

(Reading time: 31 minutes 5 seconds.)

JEFF DELEVAN was leaving on one of his long trips. He stood in the hall, his huge hands nervously fiddling his hat. Jeff would have vastly preferred to storm a nest of machine guns than face the ordeal of parting from his wife. He alone knew that the courage which during the World War had earned him a few medals and the name of being the most desperate fighter in his outfit, availed him nothing here. The breadth of his shoulders, the fighting jaw, the stoutness of a great heart in a barrel-like chest, failed, on these occasions, to help him one jot.

It was unfortunate for Jeff Delevan, loving his home as he did, that his business took him so often away. With the engineering firm that employed him, he had started at the bottom, gradually worked his way up, was now their foreign representative. The next step would find his brogans firmly planted under the desk of general manager. Then a real home, with flowers and a garden. . . .

People who knew the Delevans—friends and neighbors in their apartment house just west of Central Park, in the sixties—remarked on the unfailing devotion displayed by Mr. Delevan for his wife and daughter. All this was rendered the more obvious by reason of the contention that gentleness and Jeff Delevan didn't seem to go hand in hand. For one thing, he was too big, too massive. His face, handsome in a gladiatorial sense, seemed carved out of stone. His eyes could be as amicable as those of a Great Dane, yet in them was something that made you thank your stars Jeff Delevan had nothing against you.

Such devotion was therefore arresting; as if dolls, toys, boxes of candy, bunches of roses, were being tamely carried around the streets in the jaws of a lion!

But there, apparently, Jeff Delevan's demonstration of affection came to an end—at least, from what the neighbors could observe. Slight as it was, some element of unity seemed lacking in the Delevan ménage. True, he was away for months at a stretch. True, they hardly were newly-weds, their daughter being at least twelve. True, like everybody, they had their financial worries. Still—

Of course it may have had to do with their daughter. It was strange that Jeff Delevan could be the father of such a child; one, also, so unlike him in face and form and coloring.

It was sad to see the little girl with him, her large, soft, cornflower eyes adoring him as he rode her around on his back or carried her in his arms.

Jocelyn—the child's name—had not always been so handicapped. The affliction, whatever it was, had been a gradual development. For no reason at all, sometimes her limbs wouldn't support her, and she'd fall. Yesterday she had struck her head on the sidewalk. It was hard lines on the Delevans. They had spent so much money on her, given up all their time. . . .

Jeff looked at his watch. A taxi was waiting for him downstairs. He could hear his wife in the bedroom trying to soften Jocelyn's sobbing. "Daddy," the little girl kept calling. "Daddy, dear." He had just kissed her good-by. It had been hard to remove her thin little arms from his neck.

"Janet," he urged quietly.

She came to him immediately, a woman of thirty-two with the fair hair and soft-blue eyes of her child; gentle, capable-looking, of medium height, firm in the waist and shoulder, and a face of great beauty.

"Got to be stepping," he said, twisting his mouth into a smile.

She leaned against his arm.

"Maybe this time next year—" he began, thinking of that manager's job. "Lord, Janet! I hate to leave you. It's a sight harder on me than— You'll get a nurse, won't you? First thing in the morning. We'll manage, somehow."

He was actually trembling as he stooped and laid his cheek on her hair, kissed her forehead, her eyes, then her lips. "If Dr. Paulson can build up her strength to stand it," he murmured, "we'll have to risk an operation. Only I'd sooner you waited until I get back—so's I could be with you—in case anything—"

"It's the only thing to do for her, Jeff. The only thing. And there's only one man to go to," she added.

They had discussed this matter last night until the

DIE

WITHOUT warning the road was flooded with searchlight. Shots were fired, and Janet fell, a bullet through her shoulder.

Pictures by
CHARLES DE FEO

small hours. "Not Dr. Rysing," he said, holding his breath a little.

"Dr. Paulson recommended him—"

"There's Lamper—and Carrington—and Yarr," he mentioned again. "All well known brain specialists—"

"Jeff! What are one's personal feelings in the matter when—"

He stiffened a little. "I'd much prefer, Janet, if you'd go to some other man."

"But, Jeff, dear—if Jocelyn were to die—for the want of the very best attention—"

He was trying to speak calmly. "I'd rather you didn't take her to Dr. Rysing," he repeated more firmly.

His final kiss was hard, dry. A moment later he was gone.

Two months afterward Janet Delevan, alone in her apartment, was getting her breakfast. She had that morning received a letter from her husband. He had written from Glasgow, and would next write her from London, having got through his business quicker than he expected. In two weeks' time he would be in Montreal, from which place he would be able to hear her beloved voice over the telephone.

HIS inquiries about Jocelyn she decided to answer that day. A brain operation advised, the girl had been removed to a sanitarium where sun and fresh air might build up her resistance.

Janet, sipping her coffee, absently trained her tired eyes on the morning newspaper. Somebody had been murdered in Southampton, England. Sensational, it seemed, because—

It was the third murder perpetrated by the same unknown individual who was unquestionably following out a set plan. Albert Horst, mate of a ship lying in the Southampton Roads, had been shot dead in a lonely part of the docks. Flung on his body was a card on which was crudely printed: FIVE MUST DIE.

What made the crime all the more appalling was the fact that Albert Horst was the assassin's third victim. The first had been Franz Bohm, a street-car conductor in Cologne. That murder, then attracting only local attention, occurred on May 27, 1929. Bohm had been shot through the temple. On his dead body was a card: FIVE MUST DIE.

The second murder occurred on July 7, 1930, a little over a year later. Josef Kleinman, doorkeeper at the Palace Hotel in Brussels, had been shot to death. Near his body was found the usual card: FIVE MUST DIE.

One arresting feature about these murders was the fact that all three victims were German war veterans.

Janet read on—and suddenly she was rigid! The name, Albert Horst, looked very familiar to her. She pronounced it. She got a piece of paper and wrote down the names of the three murdered men: Bohm, Kleinman, Horst. For some odd reason she thought of a hospital—then, at once, she sprang to her feet!

In a drawer in her room was her war diary. She opened it tremblingly, and there in its pages, at a crucial experience in her own life, she discovered the three names duplicated in her own handwriting—and, more startlingly, bracketed with them, the names of two other men: Private Westhaus and Army Medical Officer Rysing!

One phase of the five-must-die warning became instantly and diabolically clear. During the last year of her voluntary Red Cross work in K-27, the German prison camp at Minden, four of those men had, in 1918, constituted the special prison guard. The fifth man, Leutnant

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

SURROUNDED by police, reporters, nurses, a man was lying on the floor of Dr. Rysing's vestibule.

[FIVE MUST DIE
Continued from page thirty-one]

Carl Rysing, had attached himself to them on that awful night when she had been wounded while aiding the escape of her present husband, then Sergeant Delevan!

To her horror, the hands holding her diary were in violent agitation. Janet Delevan pushed an encroaching suspicion away from her, thrust it almost physically aside. Instead, she forced her brain to go back over everything in retrospect to make sure that Jeff—to prove to herself that he couldn't—that it was impossible he could even remotely—

It wouldn't down! She ran back to the kitchen for the newspaper. With this in hand she went back to the bedroom, took from a drawer four bundles of her husband's letters—proof of her love for him.

There was no letter dated May, 1929. But he had written her from Coblenz on June 2 of that year. Where was Cologne situated from Coblenz? She got a map. The proximity of the two towns unnerved her! Franz Bohm had been murdered on May 27. On June 2 Jeff had written her from Coblenz!

WITH stark eyes she traced her husband's whereabouts in July, 1930. On July 10 he had written her from Paris. Brussels—a night's journey—a plane! No! The letter stated that he had been in Paris five days. He apologized for not writing sooner; cause: stress of business.

Only then did Janet Delevan, sitting on the edge of her bed, powerless to move, fill her pent lungs with a breath of relief. What should she do? Inform the police? Tell them what she knew? Revive matter she wished to forget? Involve Jeff? Have her own unfortunate connection with the affair brought to light again in all its wretched details? The questioning—the news reporters—the tabloid press—photographs—

There was Jocelyn to think of—Jeff—herself—Dr. Carl Rysing, a man so well thought of for his surgical skill, so beloved for his character, his kindness and generosity to the poor, that his name had become a national word in medical circles.

Swiftly, in chimerical panorama, her connection with the K-27 prison camp ran like a picture reel in front of her on the wall.

When the war broke out she was staying with her late mother's family in Berlin. She was only fifteen then; Janet Lee, an orphan; and she had remained there, waiting for the war to end before her return to friends in New Jersey. Slowly the misery and distress of all those around her had borne into her gentle soul the feeling that, despite her neutrality, she ought to do something to help.

In '17 she enlisted herself in the Red Cross service; had been dispatched to the prison camp at Minden. There she had met a young German doctor named Rysing; there, as time went on, she had fallen in love with him; and there, weakened by a daily and nightly observation of death, the horrible shortness of life everywhere, she had—

But this was some time after the arrival of Sergeant Delevan to the camp, one of several American prisoners.

Janet closed her eyes and picked up the history more clearly from then; for Sergeant Delevan's arrival at K-27 more directly concerned her present situation and the fears that now gripped her.

There had been about forty American prisoners, and immediately something in Janet Lee's heart went out to them. She didn't actually meet Jeff Delevan until months afterward, although his attempts at escape had brought him into the limelight, to solitary confinement—and worse.

It was his utter disregard of danger and punishment that attracted Janet's attention. He and another man from his outfit, a Russian called Selkash, made life unbearable to all of them. Their reckless attempts at escape brought down on the entire camp the strictest of disciplinary measures. Even their fellow prisoners had turned against them. The vigilance of the guards had to be doubled.

After their fifth attempt the guards put more tang into their methods. Selkash came out of that with a broken leg, Delevan with a couple of cracked ribs.

On his recovery he again tried to escape. In the next admonition he received, one of the guards—it was never discovered just who did it—evened him up with his Russian friend and, while Delevan was trussed, deliberately broke his leg with the butt of a rifle.

It was then, in the hospital ward, that Janet first came in contact with him. The realization of so much flaming courage, the desperate resolve of one of her own countrymen, went to her heart and from there to her eyes. She cried.

During his recovery he told her that as soon as he was on his feet he would try it again. To keep him in Minden they'd first have to kill him! Janet saw that he was determined, and now—although as a sister of mercy she had lingered on at the prison camp while her country was at war—she decided to help him escape.

Selkash was a complication in the plot, but one night both men got away, and for days Janet brought them food, and finally some clothes, where they hid in the barn of an old farmer she knew near by.

IT was Dr. Rysing who discovered the secret. He took charge of the recapture himself. It all happened so suddenly, dramatically, that Janet, as she looked back on it, visualized it but vaguely.

It was the night she had brought them the clothes. Delevan and Selkash—the latter still lame—decided to run for it. In fact, the Russian had gone. Delevan lingered a moment to try and put into words his heartfelt gratitude and thanks for what she had done.

Without warning the road was flooded with searchlight. Shots were fired, and Janet fell, a bullet through her shoulder. Delevan's last frantic words were indistinguishable—she was urging him to go—but she knew it was a savage and sworn promise to even the count with all five of them!

It was weeks later before she heard that he had gotten clean away. By that time—particularly when she found out that the cruel treatment meted out to Jeff Delevan had been tacitly ignored, if not instigated by his silence—her love for Leutnant Rysing had flown.

But in the serious position she now found herself, he didn't desert her. Dr. Rysing helped smuggle her out of the country, was broken for it, and only missed a court-martial by the arrival of the Armistice.

Selkash was recaptured. Delevan rejoined his battalion, had fought and further distinguished himself in the last scrap.

A stabbing recurrence of her initial suspicion caused Janet to get to her feet. After hesitating, she finally went to the telephone and rang up her husband's office.

In a quaking voice she told them who she was and asked if they could give her any information about Mr. Delevan. When did they expect him

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FOR CHILDREN

who won't eat potatoes

THIS NOURISHING LUNCHEON

22¢ *will serve this entire meal for 2*

WHEN your hungry squad marches in from school, have this good, substantial luncheon ready—piping hot. They won't know or care, that from soup to dessert it cost only 22 cents.

Tasty, filling, hearty—with its appetizing sauce of ripe, juicy Heinz tomatoes and golden cheese, Heinz Cooked Spaghetti is a firm foundation for any meal. Heinz discovered how to make and prepare spaghetti years ago—brought this delicious food to your home—ready to serve. Heinz Spaghetti can be served often in place of meat and potatoes—it has the food value of both. Get the family's vote and see the big difference it makes in household bills.

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[FIVE MUST DIE
Continued from page thirty-three]

to leave England? Oh, he had sailed this morning! From—Southampton! Then he must have had business in Southampton? Oh, in London! Left London last night—yes—and sailed from Southampton this morning!

"Thank you," she said faintly. "Thank you."

It was eight days later when she heard his voice over the telephone. He had arrived in Montreal and would be home, he said, on Saturday morning. In his eagerness to talk with her, his inquiries about Jocelyn, he ran up an expensive telephone bill.

That was around seven o'clock on Wednesday evening. At one thirty the following morning the night porter at one of the hotels in Quebec, a German war veteran named Peter Westhaus, was shot to death by some unknown fiend. Pinned on the man's coat was a card. It read: FIVE MUST DIE.

The crime was emblazoned all over the front page of the newspapers at daybreak that morning. When Janet Delevan saw it and read it, she tottered, blindly clutched at a chair, and collapsed in a swoon.

When she opened her eyes again the blood had congealed around a slight wound on her forehead. She was lying on the kitchen floor. She wished she might lie there forever. Slowly, painfully, she managed to get to her room, there flung herself on her bed.

Dully she realized that something was instantly demanded of her. But what? Jeff—her own husband— God! What a thing! And Jocelyn—and Carl Rysing! She had, she simply had to warn him.

He'd be the next one to go! She knew it, felt it, as sure as she was lying, face down, on her bed!

But Janet Delevan delayed all and every vague action that hammered into her dazed conscience, remained in her apartment all day, waiting palpitatingly for the long-distance telephone call she knew would come in the evening.

It came punctually at seven o'clock, the expected double ring cutting through her like a sword. Her answering voice was so weak, strained, that Jeff Delevan didn't recognize it at first.

She listened to him in silence—details of his business—only two more nights before he would see her again. Then she managed to ask a question:

"HAVE you been in Montreal—all the time—since Wednesday?"

"Yes, my love. Why?"

"I thought perhaps you might have had to go—to other places around there. I—I was thinking," she said hysterically, "about that murder in Quebec, and I—"

"Isn't that the limit?" he said. "That's the fourth one."

"What"—she was almost fainting again—"what was the man's name?" she asked. "I've—I've forgotten."

"Westus—or Wustus—or something." His attempt at pronunciation seemed forced. "German war veteran—like the others."

She compelled herself to go on. "Isn't—that name—doesn't it sound somewhat familiar?"

"Wustus? Why, no—not that I know of." He sounded nervous, his voice now quite strained. "Listen, my lady, these telephone calls are kind of heavy, you know. I'll be seeing you Saturday morning, don't forget. Good night, little squirrel."

"Good night," she managed; and letting the receiver drop into place she braced herself against the wall.

It seemed to her now that she had seen it written on his face the night he had escaped from Minden, each time he had left h r to go abroad on his business trips, the last time when, just before his departure, he had looked at her—those gray eyes of his! —told her, concealing his true purpose, "not Dr. Rysing."

SHE took up the telephone book. Her eyes were so blurred she couldn't read the names. Exchange and telephone number ran into each other. Ry — Rye — Ryo — Rys — Rysing—Dr. Carl Rysing.

She dialed, and a woman's voice answered the ring. No, Dr. Rysing wasn't in! He couldn't make an appointment for the next two months. No, sorry! Well, there was his clinic. Yes, at eleven o'clock Tuesday and Friday mornings.

. . . . .

Dispensing with the concession to appearances customary in other noted surgeons and physicians, Dr. Rysing held his free clinics in his sumptuous ground-floor apartment and offices on Park Avenue.

In the midst of a strenuous day, when a nurse presented him with the report card containing Mrs. Delevan's objective in seeing him, the name meant nothing.

When he saw who his visitor was, however, he started forward like a man in a dream.

Janet wouldn't have known him. Gone was the military bearing, gone the debonair smile, the sparkle once in his eyes, the blond silken hair. All this had been given to his work, science, humanity. He was almost bald. The roundness of his face had given way to hollows. He was very thin, and slightly stooped.

Her presence so floored him that his hands sought the desk for support. In defense of his altered appearance he attempted a smile.

"Thirteen years," he apologized sadly. "That's a very long time, you know."

"Yes."

"I've often wondered about you, Janet." Inconspicuously his sunken eyes glanced at the name on the report card again. "I should say, I suppose, Mrs. Delevan," he amended.

"You—you remember him, of course?" she heard herself saying. Her extreme nervousness must have been apparent. The gloved hands folded in her lap were plainly agitated.

He seemed a trifle embarrassed. "No," he said. "No, I—"

"At Minden. K-27. Sergeant Delevan—the prisoner who—"

He gave a slight start, then gazed at her in rapt silence, not a muscle of his grave, lined, intelligent face moving.

"Yes," he nodded. "Yes—of course."

"We have been married twelve years."

As he continued to look at her, Janet—do what she may—couldn't prevent the twitching of her hands. Across the small space that divided them she felt he must hear the pounding of her heart.

In silence he reached for the report card, studied it a long time, or gave the effect of studying it.

"Your daughter—" he began quietly.

FALTERINGLY she told him of Jocelyn's misfortune, the history of the case, the girl's periodic falls, the increasing frequency of them, and the fears expressed by Dr. Paulson of a brain pressure.

To all of this he listened attentively. Imperceptibly his brow had contracted. "I think it might be advisable if you bring her to see me," he said gravely. "As soon as possible—"

"We—my husband and I—" In her nervousness, the hysterical difficulty of broaching a subject which, at the moment, seemed even more crucial than the health of her child, Janet hardly knew what she was saying. "You see," she fumbled, "my husband—"

Dr. Rysing wasn't looking at her now. His head was bowed. "You mustn't be alarmed," he said gently, trying to comfort her. He had picked up a soft-leather appointment book on his desk, and turned the written pages way back. "When can you bring her?" he asked. "Tomorrow? I may be able to—"

"No, I—I—"

"What about Monday? Monday, at eleven in the morning?"

"Yes. Yes, Monday — Monday would do very well." She was conscious that her face was fraught with anxiety. One glance and he would instantly see that there was something more serious at stake; something directly involving him—not Jocelyn.

But he didn't look up. He was writing the appointment down. "My work has so profoundly claimed all my attention," he was quietly saying, "that I'm afraid I've forgotten a great many things of the past. But I do remember your husband—remember him clearly now. He was a very brave man."

He lapsed into silence again. He seemed absorbed in the past, in memories.

"You find me an old man now, Janet," he said, a boyish quality creeping into his voice. "A little before my time, we might say. In return, I suppose I have the blessing of many people whose interest in life has

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[FIVE MUST DIE
Continued from page thirty-five]

been restored to them through these poor hands of mine. But even that," he almost whispered, "doesn't compensate me for what your presence invokes.

"I lost the most precious thing in my life. The joy of it, unfortunately, I shall never again know. I only knew love once—and then for a very brief moment," he confessed in a voice so low that Janet Delevan barely heard him.

Her instantaneous rejoinder sounded heartlessly indifferent. She had moved nearer his desk, her hands grasping the edge. "Do you remember Peter Westhaus?" she asked impetuously.

Startlingly he looked up.

"And Franz Bohm—Josef Kleinman—Albert Horst?"

He repeated two of the names after her, shaking his head.

"That murder in Quebec yesterday—the one in Southampton?"

He kept staring at her.

"Don't you recall the special guard at Minden? The four men detailed to watch over the prisoners—in 1918—when my husband and—and others—"

Slowly he got to his feet, remained motionless, the tips of his long, sensitive fingers touching the desk in front of him.

"Peter Westhaus?" he repeated absently. "Murdered, you say?"

"Yesterday—in Quebec."

"Good Lord! Westhaus? Why, of course I remember him. I—you see, I haven't time to read the newspapers—just a glance at the headlines—" He was trying to analyze the meaning of the tortured expression on her face. "That man in Quebec," he said incredulously, "Private Westhaus? One of our old prison guards at Minden, you say?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" Janet's mouth was awry. "And so were the others—Horst, Kleinman, and Bohm—all murdered—"

Endeavoring to calm her, trying to calm himself, Dr. Rysing gave orders that they were not to be disturbed. At the end of a half hour both his and Janet's face were drained of all vestige of blood.

"BUT, dear God," he taxed her, "you surely aren't hinting that Sergeant Delevan—your husband—"

"Oh, God!" she sobbed. "What other deduction is there? It's all so terribly plain to me. I know it! I know it! I can feel it through every vein in my body," she said, clutching at her breast.

"But why? Why?" he demanded, horrified to the point of stressed exclamation.

She couldn't reply. She could only press her face into her hands.

"After all these years," he questioned unbelievingly, "when time heals so much—broken limbs get as well as ever? And what—in heaven's name!—what could he possibly have against me?"

She dropped her hands and looked at him. "I told him everything," she said, "before I married him. I loved him for his understanding—his forgiveness. I didn't know that all the time—in his heart—he nurtured revenge—kept his true feelings from me—"

"But, still—I don't see—"

"Jocelyn," she told him, "isn't his child. He has known that twelve years—"

"Not his child!"

SHE hoped her eyes would convey it to him, then she said: "Yours and mine."

"Great God!" He tried to temper the cry, but it came up from the depths of him, from the dried well of his heart, poignant, pathetic, and anguished in its note of sudden realization.

He said nothing more. The startling news, its painful assimilation, banished from his mind all and every other thought. Slowly he concentrated sharply on the knowledge that he might have to operate on—his own child! For the first time since his arrival in the foreground of surgical achievement, Dr. Rysing was secretly thrilled by a belief in his competence. He would, as a matter of course, call in other surgeons; but it would be his hand that would hold the trephine, his skill that would govern the operation.

Of this he didn't speak. It was painful to say anything at all. He forced himself to consider her dread alarm concerning her husband, the palpable connection he had with the series of murders. For some reason he couldn't quite convince himself that Delevan had perpetrated the deeds, and it was on this—rather than the dramatic confession of his shared parentage—that he wished to touch. In trying to do so, words wouldn't form on his lips.

It was she who broke the silence. "He—arrives in New York—tomorrow morning," she said hoarsely.

With a tremendous effort he picked up the conversation from there. "I'd say nothing—nothing more to anybody," he advised, the words paining his throat. "Could you keep him in sight—could you be with him—say, until—well, until eleven o'clock on Monday?"

"He'll have to go to his office, I suppose. I'd be with him Saturday afternoon," she shuddered, "and—and Sunday."

"I'll be here—all the time. I'll make a point of being here. You—you could phone me if anything—if you needed—"

Their eyes met.

"You think that is best?" she inquired helplessly.

He nodded. "I think that is best—for the time being." He glanced at the clock. "I've so much to do," he said unhappily. "My time is never my own. I'm merely the servant of those poor trusting people out there—waiting all day to see me—"

She went to the door.

"You'll bring Jocelyn—won't you?" he choked.

"Yes."

"And—and—Janet," he called softly, remaining where he stood, "what more am I to say to you? What can I possibly say—except beg your forgiveness—"

"No, Carl. I've nothing to forgive you for."

"Shall I tell you that all my life I'll continue to—"

"No," she said, looking back at him. "I think I understand."

Her eyes were suddenly invaded with tears; then, turning, she opened the door and went out. . . .

IT was Saturday night and the Delevans were alone in their apartment.

During all that afternoon and evening Janet had lived through a lifetime of apprehension, expecting every moment that the doorbell would ring and police with drawn guns would enter the room to overpower and arrest her husband.

Jeff Delevan's reserve, the profound dejection he hid under a stony exterior, might be explained by his wife's strange attitude toward him.

He was not a demonstrative man. He took his reverses, his disappointments, as he had taken bayonet thrusts and machine-gun bullets—without letting anybody know how badly he was hurt.

She had, on his arrival, submitted to his arms. His lips she avoided. The gifts he had brought for her and Jocelyn remained unnoticed. His suggestion of dinner at a hotel, to be followed by a theater, had been inexplicably rejected.

He was at a loss to account for the pallor of her face, the terrific strain in her eyes, her nervousness, worry, unrest.

Jeff Delevan could arrive at one solution only: that for some reason her love for him had undergone a change, that his several absences, his inability to properly provide for and take care of her had at last, finally, resulted in her complete detachment.

She was walking up and down the room. As she came near him for what seemed the hundredth time, he gently caught her hand.

"Janet—"

She snatched the hand away. "Yesterday—yesterday morning," she began wildly, "I went to see Dr. Rysing—"

"Ah!" So that was it! Carl Rysing!

"He has promised to see Jocelyn on Monday. Monday—at eleven o'clock. Her happiness, her life, I firmly believe, are in his hands. You realize—don't you?—that Jocelyn is my own flesh and blood—part of me?"

"Yes, Janet."

"I told him—yesterday—she was his child—"

"You told him!"

She was trembling violently. Her whole attitude was vindictive, accusative. "And I told him about other things! He's given up so much of his time to his great work—he hadn't even realized things—hadn't read the details in the newspapers—"

Jeff Delevan's gray eyes were fixed on her.

"Five *won't* die!" she flung at him. "Not if I can prevent it."

"Janet! What are you trying to tell me?"

"Jeff—God help me! You know what I'm trying to—you know what I'm talking about. That horrible thing in Quebec—Southampton. Peter Westhaus—Bohm—Kleinman—Albert Horst—"

With a stricken look on his face he sprang to his feet, his powerful hands taking her by the shoulders.

"What?" he shouted at her.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Don't let your forehead

Go Highbrow

Maybe it's smart to be highbrow. When your forehead develops the symptoms it means only one thing—loss of your youthful appearance. Keep your hair—and your appearance—with regular, intelligent care. Get yourself a bottle of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic and do this. Apply the Tonic directly to the scalp; then grasp the head firmly with the fingers and give it a good massage, working from the neck and temples up to the crown. You should feel the scalp move loosely. Rub until it tingles and then shampoo as usual. Do this faithfully every week. It will keep your scalp in the pink of condition, able to grow and to keep a youthful thatch of hair.

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[FIVE MUST DIE
Continued from page thirty-seven]

She faced him courageously. "Don't pretend you don't know."

"No, I don't!"

"The guard at Minden—that prison camp—"

"Minden! You mean—you are saying—all those men—Christ!" he gasped suddenly. "I believe you are right!"

She struggled in vain to get away from him.

"I'd forgotten—so help me, God! I'd forgotten. That's right! Albert Horst—Westus—" He swallowed. "Janet!" he demanded. "Just what does this mean?"

"It means," she told him bravely, "that I am going to save Dr. Rysing if it costs me my life—and yours."

"Have you gone crazy?"

She still faced him resolutely. "Were you," she asked, "in Quebec early Thursday morning? I know you were in Southampton the night Albert Horst was killed. And I've traced other places—through your letters to me—last year—the year before that—"

"God, woman! Are you trying to tell me that I—?"

"You were in Coblenz the time Bohm was murdered. It's quite close to Cologne. And—when Kleinman was shot—I don't believe you were in Paris—as you wrote. I believe you were in Brussels!"

His face was agonized. "Surely to God you're not—you, of all people in the world!—you're not accusing me of—of—"

"You know what you said—the night you and that other man escaped from Minden—the night I was wounded. You swore you'd get even with them—all four of them—and Dr. Rysing."

He was livid. Removing his hands from their grip on her shoulders, he flung them up to his face as though stunned.

"I'D say nothing—nothing more to anybody," he advised, the words paining his throat.

ALL at once he was staring through her as though at some apparition. "That man I saw on the train last night," he muttered bewilderedly. "That man in the steerage—crossing over—"

Jeff Delevan was suddenly dynamic. Brushing past her, he rushed into the bedroom, flung open his suitcase, scattered the contents everywhere, and was out again on his way to the door, an automatic in his hand.

"Jeff!" she screamed. "You can't—you can't—I won't let you! I'd sooner you killed me instead."

"Let me go," he ordered. "You've had your say! Get away from me—let me go, will you!"

He threw her aside without realizing his strength. She staggered back and fell in a corner of the room, striking her head against the wall and bruising her arm. Delevan had gone. Janet rose dazedly, tottered again, ran to her bedroom for her hat and coat, and, hoping to save time, hurried down the stairway instead of waiting for the elevator.

When a taxi deposited her outside Dr. Rysing's apartment on Park Avenue she had to make her way through a gathering crowd. Policemen seemed everywhere. The whole neighborhood was in commotion.

She fought desperately to get through the cordon, told them who she was, begged and implored to be allowed to go inside.

Surrounded by police, reporters, nurses, a man was lying on the floor of Dr. Rysing's vestibule. In the crowd hiding him from view Janet recognized the nurse who had made out her report card yesterday. Tremulously she touched the woman's elbow.

"Did—did they catch him?" she asked in a choked voice.

The nurse nodded. "Taken him to the police station."

Janet felt her knees giving way. And then, to her utter amazement, unable to believe her own eyes, she saw Dr. Rysing come out of his office.

She flew to him. "Steady—steady," he said soothingly, putting a supporting arm around her. "He's all right—he'll pull through."

"But—but—?"

"Your husband," he told her, "came in the nick of time. He undoubtedly saved my life. Another moment and— The man got in here somehow—by a window—We haven't yet found out—"

"Yes, but please," she begged, "tell me what happened."

"Selkash," he pronounced whitely. "You remember him—don't you—the night he and your husband escaped from Minden? Selkash—the Russian! They say he escaped from jail here four years ago. He was just going to fire at me—when your husband closed with him—"

Janet Delevan gave a piercing scream. Breaking through the circle around the man on the floor, she threw herself on her knees beside him. His eyes were closed, his face ashen.

"Jeff!" she screamed. "Jeff—oh, my darling—my love—my life—"

Somebody lifted her to her feet. Again it was Dr. Rysing who folded her in his arms, who tried to still her broken sobbing.

"Come," he gently whispered to her. "He's going to pull through for you. Everything's going to be all right—everything's going to come out quite all right for you. Take my word for it."

. . . . .

It was Selkash himself who completed his own circle.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 22

1—Baton Rouge.
2—Vast tracts in southeastern Europe and in Asia which are without forests.
3—Abyssinia.
4—Thirty inches.
5—The krone.
6—Penelope.
7—The armies of Sparta and Persia.
8—A slaughterhouse.
9—A lizard.
10—Colombia.
11—Virginia.
12—Tar, pitch, turpentine, and other resinous products.
13—A hare in its first year.
14—Thirty-two.
15—The pancreas of sheep or oxen.
16—A prayer.
17—A coastal region.
18—A crossbred animal or plant.
19—A chief of the Shawnee Indians.
20—An American stag or elk.

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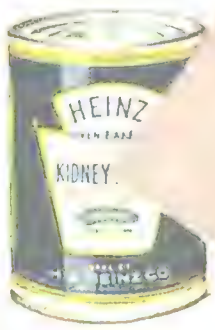

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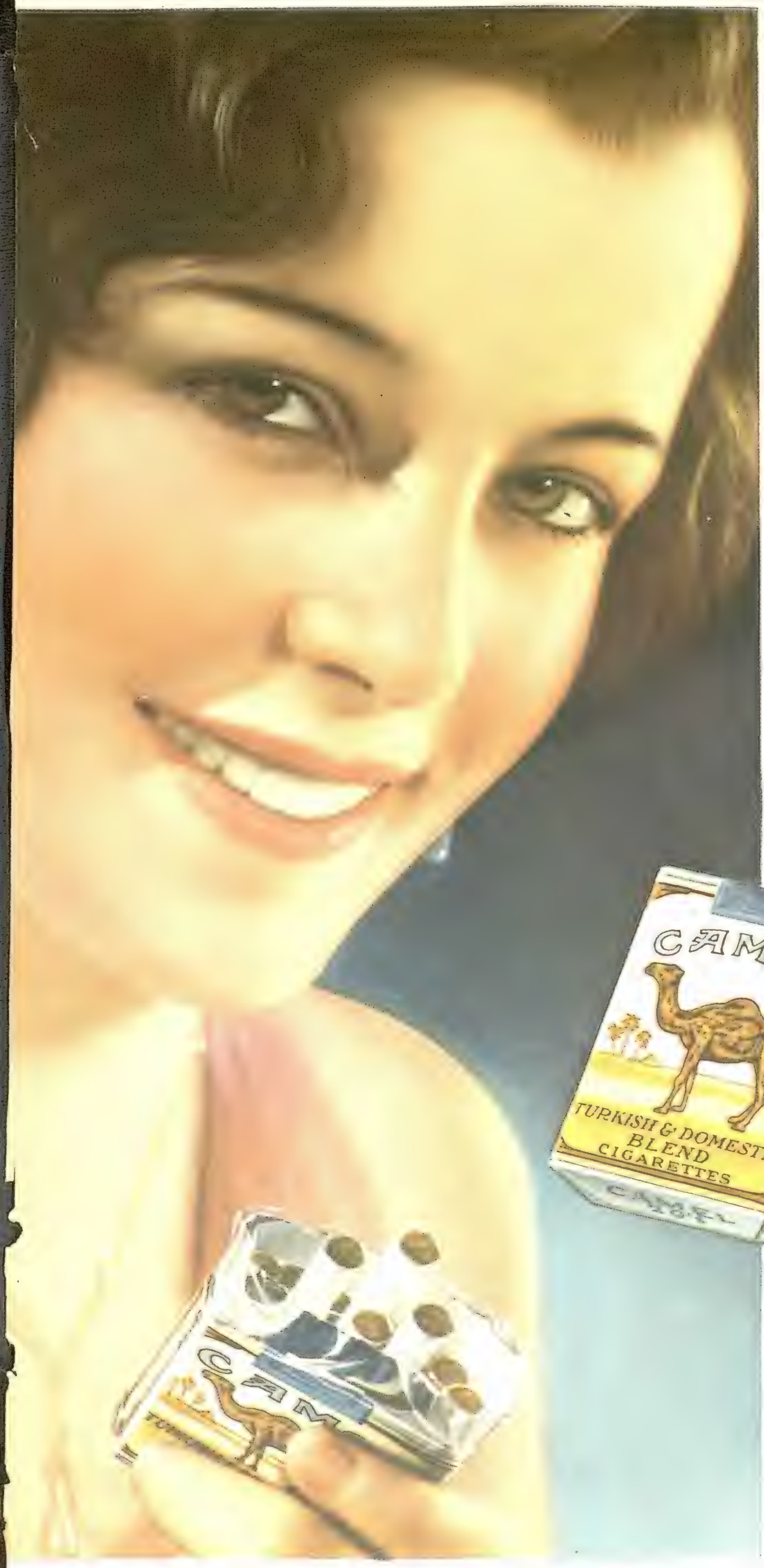

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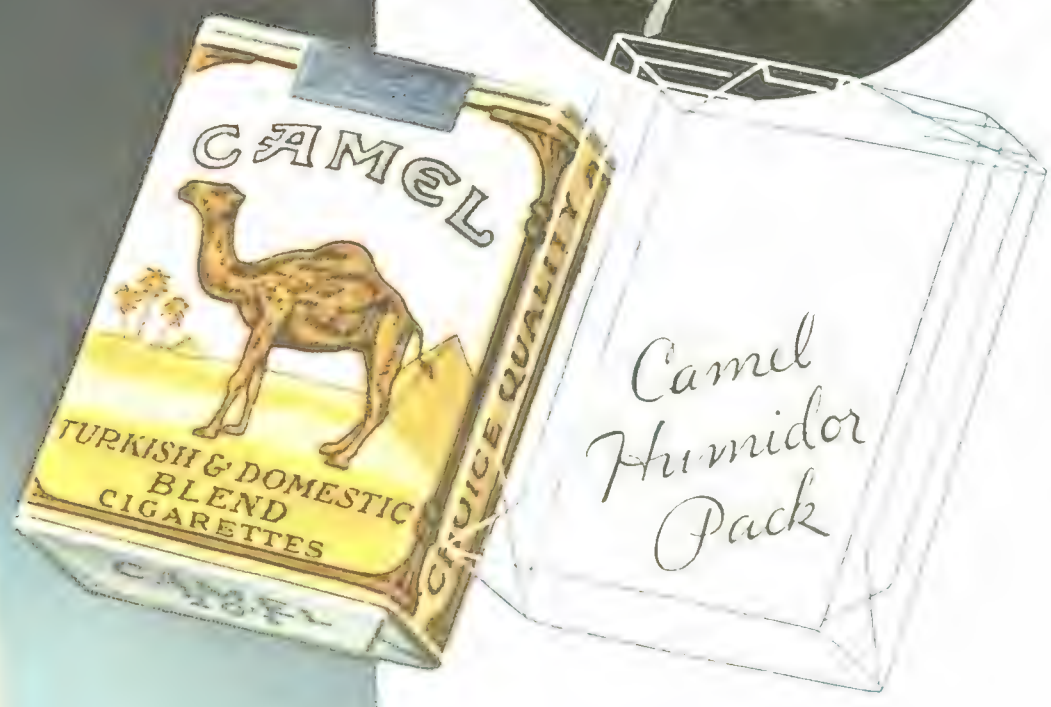

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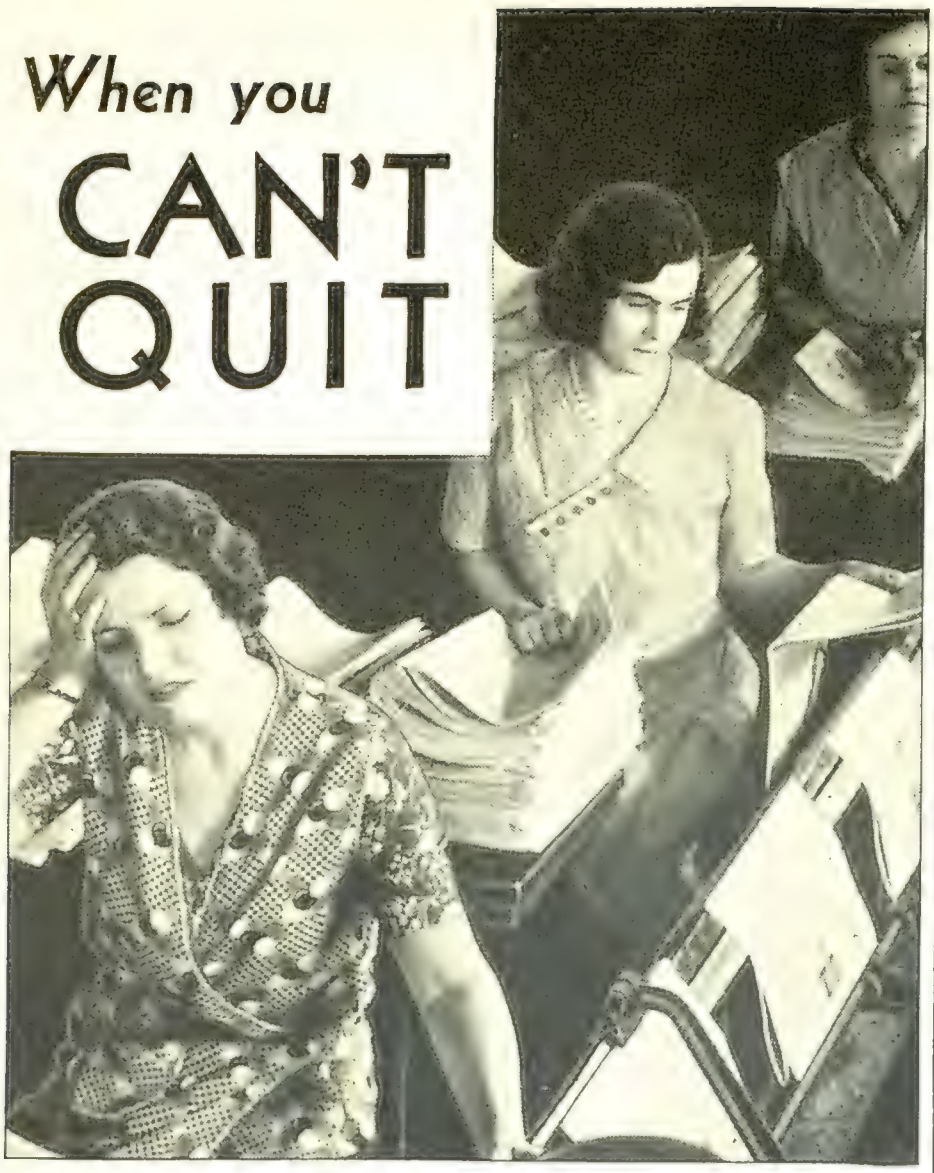
When you

CAN'T QUIT



A HEADACHE is often the sign of fatigue. When temples throb it's time to rest. If you can't stop work, you *can* stop the pain. Bayer Aspirin will do it, every time. Take two or three tablets, a swallow of water, and carry-on—in perfect comfort.

Don't work with nerves on edge or try all day to forget some nagging pain that aspirin will end in a jiffy! Genuine aspirin can do you no harm; just be sure that it is genuine Bayer Aspirin with Bayer on the box and on each tablet.

In every package you'll find proven directions for headaches; colds and sore throat; neuralgia, neuritis, etc. Carry these tablets with you, and be prepared. To block a sudden cold on the street-car; quiet a grumbling tooth at the office; relieve a headache in the theatre; spare you a sleepless night when nerves are "jumping."

And no modern girl needs "time out" for the time of month! Your little box of Bayer tablets is sure relief for all such pain.

Take Bayer Aspirin for *any* ache or pain, and take enough to *end* it. It can't harm you.

BAYER

BAYER ASPIRIN

Dancing with Tears in Their Eyes

A New For the Love o' Lil

SALLY was giving a party—an old-fashioned St. Patrick's Day party, with Limerick contests and lime candies and Irish costumes, and Pa Jones playing the fiddle rapturously while Sally did a joyous and breath-taking Irish breakdown.

Lil and Sandy were invited, and of course they went. Partly because they wanted so badly to have a party and forget their worries and partly to avert the suspicions of the neighborhood.

This week's cover picture.

Just as Lil suspected, Sandy was in a difficult jam. There had been most unpleasant results from the huge haul that night that Sandy didn't get home until nearly dawn. Sandy told Lil later, when she faced him about it, that they had been sniped at from bushes on the road from the boat, and because they beat it like all fury they had been unable to find out who had attacked them. The driver of the truck had died later of gunshot wounds! Lil and Sandy had had a real scare. Lil begged him not to go out again. If it had been *he* who had been shot! For the first time the really grave danger of his activities was brought home to her. Sandy too was worried. He couldn't promise Lil not to go out on another job, because he was under orders from Smithers, and he couldn't get a name with the crowd of being yellow.

He was relieved, however, that they were willing to let him lie low for the present, for fear of identification. Smithers, on the other hand, hadn't even got in touch with him. Didn't even call him. The most awful circumstance of all was that Sandy realized, with all its full significance, how utterly involved he was with the crowd!

He was not his own master! Many times, when he was working in an office, he had resented living his life according to the rules of another man. How often he had longed to be independent! Well, God knew he was independent now, as far as working was concerned, and he had cleaned up more money than he had ever made before. But he was far from being his own master!

It would be utterly impossible to beat it now, for he would have not only the law after him but his own crowd as well. They would figure that anyone who was coward enough to run away would be coward enough to be a danger to the whole gang. So he and Lil, no matter where they went, would be tracked down by both relentless pursuers—police and gangsters.

And what to do with the children? Of course, they couldn't take them with them. How long would they be separated? Suppose they never saw them again?

Some girl came up laughing and insisted on his dancing with her. His heavy, nerve-strained feet clouted along the floor, out of time with the music.

"You're drunk," she protested, laughing, and twisted away from him.

Yes—yes—he was drunk. Drunk with the nightmare of fears and the awful disaster and danger that he had brought on his family. Jail and disgrace would be the least of the horrors that this world of racketeering could mete out to those who were no longer valuable.

Sally Jones was at the piano, singing, and Sandy stared at her intently. That pretty, innocent kid—happy, carefree, a stanch friend to all those who inspired her respect. Lil was like that once. How had she gone so far—so far away—from simple if prosaic wholesomeness of the everyday world that knew no fears, no treacheries, no lying?

(Next week's cover adventure: Fugitives)

Scoop

A Short Short Story

By E. J. CARRITTE

(Reading time: 4 minutes 58 seconds.)

WELL, it happened a week ago and I've been laughin' ever since.

You know Walter Wurtzel, the big shot on the Daily Tab. Sure you do—everybody reads his column to find out what their neighbors are up to. Well, bein' a sensible guy, he decided a bodyguard might be a good investment, so about a month ago he comes to me and puts up the proposition—seventy-five bucks a week and all you can drink, says he. O. K. with me, I says. Pretty soft, eh?

Well, to get on with my story, last Sunday mornin', about 2 A. M., we strolls into the Club Abbott. The boss was just makin' his nightly rounds to pick up whatever gags or stories he could corral. Louis, the head waiter, gives us the glad hand but don't make any move to show us to a table. He knows better, because the boss always heads for the round table where the eats and drinks are on the house. On the way he stops to speak to a prosperous-lookin' boy of about forty summers.

"Say, Jack," he says, "I have news for you. Your little woman is on her way to Reno. I heard she left town on the midnight special. *You'll* read all about it in my column Monday. Personally, I think you're gettin' a break."

This Jack guy is a cool egg—he never bats an eye. "Thanks for the info, kid," is all he says, and goes right on talking to a little brunette he's with.

So we barge up to the star table, and after saying hello all around we sit down. Gene, the female impersonator, is out on the floor singing a song about Mannish Men and Spanish Spaniards. It's a little rough, but they seem to like it, because when he's done he gets a big hand. After a couple of bows he wraps his coat tight around his hips and heads straight over to us.

"Well, Mr. Wurtzel," he says, "what's the news?"

"Gene," says Walter, "you're a lucky guy. I was talking to Dolores and she says she's coming back to you. 'Can't live without him,' are the words she used if I remember right, although what your appeal to women is I can't imagine."

"Maybe it's my cooking, deary," gurgles Gene, and he ducks, laughin'.

The waiter sets a couple of drinks in front of us just as the orchestra breaks into one of their low moanin' torch songs, and a sweet little blonde at the table says, "Hello, Mr. Newspaper Man, I have big news to pour into your shell-like ear. It's startling, breath-taking," she tells him. "I'm no longer a Vaniteaser. My screen and voice tests were perfect, the signed contract is in my bag, and I leave for Hollywood Monday. Now isn't that big news?"

"Hardly," says the boss. "I knew it a week ago."

Whataman, I was thinking. Anything he don't know about other people's business ain't worth knowing.

"But, Walter," she says, "surely you'll have it in your column."

"Maybe a line," he says.

"Aw, be nice," she says.

I was just gettin' wrapped around my highball when Rose, the cigarette girl, leaned over my shoulder. I have a soft spot in my heart for Rose, but her attention is all for Walter.

"Say, Jack," he says, "I have news for you. Your little woman is on her way to Reno."

Picture by CARL PFEUFER

"Would you like a bit of scandal?" she says, innocent-like.

"Yeah," says the boss.

"Well, young Mitchell and his snooty bride were in tonight, and as I passed their table she was saying, 'This is the last time you'll humiliate me. I'm going to my lawyers in the morning.' 'Good,' I heard him say. 'Take my car—it's faster than yours—and I hope you break your damned neck on the way, you little louse!'"

"What did she say to that?"

"She just hauled off and slapped him across the mouth."

"Well, give me a pack of cigarettes and you've earned this"—and he slips her a ten-spot.

It seemed like a lot of coin to me, but I didn't say anythin'. The boss is soft that way, and besides I was busy watching Joe Rocco, the comedian, doing his stuff. He gives a burlesque of Richard Bennett readin' from a Bible—only the Bible happened to be a menu.

"You know, Spike," says the boss, gettin' confidential, "that guy strikes you funny, but he makes me sad. A few days ago he was offered thirty-five hundred for a week's work at the Palace, but he turned it down because they wanted to feature a radio singer. Said he wouldn't play second fiddle. And here he's playing a night club for nothing."

Gee, I thought, is there anything this bird don't know?

"Well," continued the boss, "we've wasted enough time here. Let's grab a cab and shoot up to Harlem. Maybe we can round up a few of my aids." (The boss always calls his ten secretaries his aids. He gets most of his information from them and the public library.)

Well, we got up to go, and who do we bump into but Dr. Levi, the biggest M.D. on Broadway. Everybody along the street goes to him when they're sick or broke.

"Well, Walter," he says, "digging for dirt as usual?"

"Well, I wouldn't turn down a piece of real news," says the boss. "Know anything interesting?"

"Yes," says the doc, winking. "When were you home last?"

"Me?" says the boss, sorta taken back. "About three days ago. Why?"

"Well, your wife was in to see me yesterday, and you'd better go on home and polish up that bassinet. She's going to have a—"

But the boss wasn't listenin'. How could he? He was layin' on the floor in a dead faint. And he's the guy that knows everybody else's business! Ha-ha, you'll have to pardon me—I can't stop laughin'.

THE END

He Could LICK Any

The Meteoric Career of the Mighty JOHN L. SULLIVAN Champion of Champions As Recollected by

WILLIAM INGLIS

John L. as he looked in 1885, his third year as champion. He was to hold the title for seven years more.

Brown Brothers photo

Corbett pounced on him, both fists flying. Very

MAN Born of Woman!

(Reading time: 27 minutes 50 seconds.)

IT was in 1881, when he was twenty-two years old, that John L. Sullivan, "the Strong Boy of Boston," beat red-headed John Flood, "the Terror," pride of New York's East Side, to a pulp within eight minutes in a bare-knuckles fight on a barge.

Those were the mighty John L.'s best days. He was as fearless as the lion he roared like, boasting that he could lick any man born of woman (he didn't use those words) on earth. Not until the night he licked Flood and celebrated afterward in New York with his backers did he so much as know the taste of champagne, which was eventually—after more than ten years—to lick him.

With Flood disposed of, he toured the country, offering fifty, then a hundred, and at last a thousand dollars to any man who could stay four rounds with him. He gathered dollars by the bale and floated on a limitless sea of champagne, of which he was now drinking all he could get.

Indignant Richard K. Fox, editor of the Police Gazette, offered to back Champion Paddy Ryan for $10,000 against the young upstart. When he saw how eager the Bostonians were to put their money on their boy, he was quite willing to reduce his stake.

Myths about Sullivan spread day by day. His fame loomed over the Western Hemisphere like a vast and lurid cloud, pierced now and then by the lightning flashes of his fists. And yet, when the Strong Boy boxed an exhibition bout with Joe Goss in Exposition Hall, New Orleans, a few evenings before the fight with Ryan, a scant seven hundred spectators looked on. The critics, with one exception, declared that Sullivan shut his eyes when he hit, showed nothing worth while. They watched Ryan in training, and reported that he was in splendid form and condition.

The governor forbade the fight in Louisiana, and Governor Lowrey of Mississippi warned all his sheriffs to be vigilant, but at the critical moment one of them was otherwise engaged. So there was no one to interfere when the ring was pitched on the lawn before the Barnes Hotel at Mississippi City. Five thousand men from all parts of the country gathered around the ring. The best places cost *two* dollars!

Sullivan, quite unnoticed by the crowd, swaggered in, nodding and smiling to a friend here and there, and sat in his corner under a shady little tree. After a long delay Ryan entered the ring, amid great handclapping and cheering. He sauntered over to Sullivan's corner and deigned to offer the Strong Boy his hand. John L. crunched it in a grasp that made Paddy squirm, and rumbled from his deep chest: "How are you? How's the health?" Then he waved a handful of greenbacks at the champion and said, "Here's a thousand says I'll lick you!"

Tall as Ryan was, and ten pounds the heavier, he looked small as he faced his brawny antagonist. And now for the first time the champion met the fierce glare and scowl of Sullivan. He wilted. He looked anywhere but at the youngster. Afraid? Not for a moment; but hypnotized, as every man was who went up against John L.'s expression of might and fury.

Referee Hardy called, "Time!" and clapped his hands. Ryan came out watchful. He smelled danger. Twice he stepped in, his right arm protecting his body, his left flicking in little feints. As he danced in the third time, the Strong Boy let fly, landing his left fist full on the mouth, instantly followed by his right to the chin.

Ryan's shoulders were the first part of him to hit the ground. He lay inert and bleeding. First blood and first knockdown for Sullivan! It was incredible. Why, only a little while ago the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Picture by HUBERT MATHIEU

radually he sank to the floor. The champion of champions was through.

Picture from The Ring, Inc.

A contemporary newspaper artist's impression of John L. knocking out Flood in their fight on a barge in 1881.

[HE COULD LICK ANY MAN BORN OF WOMAN!]
Continued from page forty-five

first round between Mace and Coburn for the championship had lasted (under the old London prize-ring rules, of course) forty-seven minutes. And here was the champion bowled over in half a minute!

The crowd was dumb from shock. Sullivan arose looking like a demon. He flew at Ryan, who ducked under the first swing, but ran into a straight right that bent his head to his shoulder. He clinched, slipped his foot behind Sullivan's heel, and tripped him with a cross-buttock hold. Time, one minute. John L. arose, unhurt but enraged.

The champion took the lead in the third round with a right hook that swelled Sullivan's eye a little. He started another blow—but the Strong Boy countered with a cannon-ball right drive to the mouth.

Ryan's head and shoulders struck the ground with an impact that seemed to drive them into the turf. His eyes were open but sightless, and he was limp as they carried him back to his corner. Time, forty seconds.

Sullivan had knocked all the traditions of the ring into a cocked hat. But Ryan was game, and he revived enough under skillful handling to run for his life during the next two rounds, in which he was downed in forty-five and then in forty-three seconds. The flood of champagne that Sullivan consumed had robbed him of much of his speed. All he knew was that for some mysterious reason he could not catch Ryan, and this irritated him.

"YOU want to look out," Madden, his manager, warned him. "Ryan's done now. Don't kill him."

"Oh, he'll be all right," Sullivan laughed. "I'll only out him—I won't hurt him." There was little variety in the next rounds, all brief. In the ninth Sullivan threw Paddy, but was careful not to fall on him, though this would have been well within the rules and would have hastened the finish. Sullivan often showed such magnanimity.

Round after round Ryan fought on the defensive. At last, bruised and breathless as he was, he took the lead and drove his right fist to Sullivan's already puffy eye. Then, having dashed past in his impetuous attack, he turned and swung his right with all his force to the back of Sullivan's head. The jolt drove John forward a few short steps. He stood confused; shook his head to rid it of the stars that dazzled him.

"Now you got him, Paddy!" rang out from all sides.

The yells revived Sullivan, and he turned to face the champion with a grin that would have stopped most men in their tracks. But Ryan, in a last desperate effort, rushed in with a left drive for the chin.

As the blow started, Sullivan swung his thick right arm with an easy, flowing motion, seemingly without effort but swift as light. Before Ryan's blow got halfway to its mark, the bony edge of Sullivan's forearm crashed on Paddy's neck just below the left ear.

THE champion's head and right shoulder hit the turf six feet away, and the rest of him followed. His seconds carried him to his chair, rubbed his neck with ice, held the ammonia to his nostrils, tried to force brandy down his constricted throat.

At the call he rose and stepped on dragging feet toward the center. Sullivan stood still and watched. As Ryan advanced, a big yellow sponge was tossed in by his second. Surrender!

The doctors who patched up Ryan's battered body and swollen head advised him to quit pugilism. He spent the rest of the day in bed, and next morning he went to New Orleans, where the new champion entertained him at a little party that consumed twenty-eight bottles of champagne in an hour.

Thousands of men and boys gathered at every railroad station to gape at the new marvel and cheer him madly, as he journeyed to Chicago, giving exhibitions of his devastating art in theaters by the way. Champions, up to this time, had always waited for men to challenge them. Sullivan boldly challenged any man in the world to fight him for $5,000 a side.

"I will not fight again with bare knuckles," he wrote, "as I do not wish to put myself in a position amenable to the law."

Thus dawned a new era in pugilism. Prize fighting

was succeeded by glove battles under Queensberry Rules.

From the Lakes to the Gulf and from coast to coast, John L. appeared in theaters, offering $1,000 to any man who could stay with him through four rounds. Men knew they had no chance with him. They fell like ripe grain before him.

Manager Madden begged him to train; warned him that champagne would ruin him. "Bill," he answered, "these fellows all fall dead when I look at 'em. All the training I need is a shave and a shampoo." And he proved this true again and again.

At length the patient Fox brought over Charley Mitchell, "boxing champion of England," a master of brag and ballyhoo, but a master of the art of boxing, too. As tall as Sullivan, he was fifteen pounds lighter and very fast. His publicity set the country afire.

"He's good enough but not big enough," was John L.'s calm verdict after watching Charley knock out Mike Cleary with ease.

A crowd filled the Garden of those days when the two met in May, 1883. Instead of wilting under Sullivan's scowl and crunching handshake, Mitchell winked mockingly at him and jeered him in salty Whitechapel slang. Infuriated, John L. dashed in to destroy the pink-cheeked Briton. Mitchell stepped well inside the whirling right arm and drove a straight left jolt to the chin. Down plumped Sullivan on the floor! The crowd forgot to breathe. Mitchell stood in mid-ring, laughing.

THE Strong Boy leaped up, bellowing, and charged. The Englishman slipped or blocked his blows, but was tossed here and there like a cork in a whirlpool. Yet he survived, thanks to his fast skipping and dodging, until the middle of the third round, when Sullivan's right fist swung flush on his neck. wafted him upward, and hung him limp over the top rope, six feet away.

As Sullivan ran in to finish him, a gigantic police captain stepped in between.

"Let me have one crack at him!" Sullivan panted in fury.

"No, John; you'd kill him," ruled the captain.

When, after four more years of champagne and easy victories over all comers, Sullivan started for Europe, his friends begged him not to let Mitchell nag him into a bare-knuckles fight on the turf. They knew that his legs could no longer carry him through a long contest in a twenty-four-foot ring. He promised to beware.

On the day of his arrival in London, a hasty glance at the crowd that struggled and fought to get into Euston Station would have convinced the spectator that all the metropolis was there to meet Sullivan. Men yelled and women screamed in the crush as the train rolled in.

Later a friend of the Prince of Wales sent word that his Highness

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

ROMANCE OR INDIFFERENCE often depends on the Girl's-eye View

What does she see when she looks at your face?

CAN YOU blame the girl who feels repelled by a man's unsightly skin? How can she be romantic over a face that's marred by nicks, raw patches, red spots, blackheads?

Men who have long been troubled with shaving irritations and skin disturbances have found relief by changing to Mennen Shaving Cream. For Mennen *"helps your skin as well as your shave."*

Mennen lather acts like a fine skin cleanser. It loosens the pore-imbedded dirt and grease deposits which so often cause pimples and blackheads. As you rinse off the lather you flush out the pores. You leave your skin really CLEAN.

• •

And CLEAR! No sore spots. No red blotches. For Mennen's special beard softening ingredient (tristearin) wilts even the toughest stubble *completely*. Therefore, the blade takes off all the hair easily — *without skin irritations!*

For proof—send the coupon!

Pimples and Blackheads — *often due to pore-imbedded dirt deposits. The deep cleansing action of Mennen lather helps to correct such disturbances.*

Unshaved Patches — *due to incomplete beard softening . . . Mennen's special beard softening ingredient (tristearin) corrects this.*

Rough, Raw Skin — *due to razor pull and scrape. This condition invites skin infections. Mennen eliminates razor pull.*

Free 10 MENNEN SHAVES!

Send for free 10-day tube of Mennen Shaving Cream . . . Also travel size bottle of the new after-shave lotion—Mennen Skin Bracer. Mail coupon to Mennen Co., Newark, New Jersey, Dept. L-2.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

[HE COULD LICK ANY MAN BORN OF WOMAN!]
Continued from page forty-seven

would be graciously pleased to meet the great fighting man; but John L. was on tour. When he returned to London, the Prince's equerry called and asked what his fee would be to appear before the Prince.

"We," said John L. royally, "will be glad to treat the Prince as a friend. Tell him I'll be there free, gratis, for nothing."

Sullivan told Arthur Brisbane, then a young foreign correspondent, that he was going to meet the Prince of Wales, and asked, "What'll I wear?"

"Just about what you have on now," said Brisbane.

"No," said Sullivan. "I'll wear a full-dress suit. A man in a full-dress suit is ready for anything."

On the afternoon of December 9, 1887, Sullivan called at the Fencing Club, near Marlborough House, the Prince's residence. In honor of royalty, John L. wore evening attire, but because it was afternoon he moderated his broad expanse of white shirt front with a fancy watered pattern and three diamond studs; his waistcoat was embroidered, and instead of a narrow lawn tie he wore a big swelling scarf of white satin, tied in a sailor's knot and tucked into his shirt bosom. None the less, dignity was written all over him.

When the equerry led Sullivan toward Albert Edward (later Edward VII), the Prince arose to meet him, smiled kindly to put him at ease, and held out his hand. John took Edward's hand in a grip that made it ache for days, and said:

"Pleased to meet you. I've often heard of you."

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Sullivan," said the Prince, raising his hat. "My friends have told me a great deal about you."

Edward put his hat on again.

"I'm glad to know you," John L. responded, raising *his* hat and putting it on again—to the horror of the lords and other dignitaries in waiting.

"And I'm glad to come and oblige you," Sullivan continued—"though I suppose you heard I was too busy to come when you first asked me."

The Prince, of course, had heard nothing of the sort—no one had dared to tell him—but he smiled and enjoyed the novelty of being treated with the favor John L. would bestow on any worthy man. He sat down at a little table, and John drew up a chair beside him and chatted genially. Some say that he asked about the health of Queen Victoria, saying that he had often heard of her.

THE Prince told his friends later that what struck him most was Sullivan's wonderful self-possession and the strength of his eye, with which he looked the Prince through and through, also the depth and volume of Sullivan's voice.

A sixteen-foot ring had been made ready, and Sullivan boxed four rounds with Jack Ashton of his troupe. His friend the Prince, often pounding the floor with his stick to applaud John's amazing quickness, told Phillips: "I never saw anything in the world like him. He's a marvel of a man, quite out of the ordinary."

"The Prince of Wales," said John L. later, "is the right kind of a man. He's got more sense than you'd think about fighting—which of course he's never had a chance to study rightly—and I'm proud of him. If he was younger and had the stuff in him, I'd teach him how to spar myself—and that's something I wouldn't do for everybody. He's a gentleman—and I'm his friend."

The Ring photo

Champion Paddy Ryan, from whom John L. Sullivan wrested the title.

The gayety and triumphs came to a sorry anticlimax. Charley Mitchell, in print and out of print, nagged Sullivan into a meeting with bare knuckles on the turf, London Prize Ring Rules—the very thing he had been warned to avoid. The authorities forbade them to fight in England.

The party, not more than twenty, left Amiens, France, at half past six in the morning of March 10, 1888. At Apremont they left the train and drove to Lord Rothschild's estate near Chantilly, where a twenty-four-foot ring was pitched on the turf. Mitchell won the toss for corners, and jeered at Sullivan for losing it.

As Sullivan went to his corner, a chunky little man with his hands deep in the pockets of his shaggy overcoat took his place. He was Billy Porter, a notorious American bank robber.

"If anyone in this mob," he remarked pleasantly, "starts anything funny, I'll beat him to it with these." He drew a heavy revolver out of each pocket. The boys who had hit the American Jake Kilrain with clubs and knuckle-dusters, to keep him from knocking out Jem Smith, moved back—and stayed back.

SULLIVAN leaped from his corner at the call and plunged at Mitchell, but Charley stepped aside and ran so fast that the Big Fellow could not catch him. In this broad space Mitchell could leap and dodge, while Sullivan plodded heavily on the soggy turf. He weighed 190 pounds to Mitchell's 165.

After six minutes of flight, Mitchell tried a left lead, only to be knocked down by Sullivan's left hook. John L. scowled as he swaggered to his corner. Mitchell laughed and jeered him.

What had happened to Sullivan? Instead of dashing his victim to instant destruction, the Big Fellow began to move cautiously in this strange field; waited for Mitchell to come in. The lion was trying to play the fox. And how Charley laughed at him!—laughed in earnest as a cold rain drove in from the east, and the big man floundered in the mud. Once, as Sullivan was catching his balance, the cunning little man ran in and raked John's leg with the spike under the toe of his left shoe.

Sullivan silenced his seconds' cry of "Foul!"

"Be a gentleman, you —— ——, if you know how!" he growled at Mitchell, who laughed and ran. Soon Sullivan knocked him down with a right on the jaw; but the swing had not half its usual force, and as Mitchell's seconds carried him to his corner he jeered: "Not yet! You haven't whipped me yet!"

For hours the farce went on. John L. was slowed to a walk. In the fifteenth, Charley hit him far below the belt. The Americans cried, "Foul!"

"No!" Sullivan rumbled to the referee. "No foul! I don't make money that way!"

At the end of three hours and eleven minutes of this farce, with Sullivan torpid and stumbling, while Mitchell, worn to a shadow, still evaded him, a functionary jumped into the ring and drew them together. They clasped hands. Referee J. B. Angle called the fight a draw; and presently the pugilists were arrested, examined at the *sous-prefecture*, and locked in adjoining cells at Senlis. There they made peace. In their reaction after the long nerve strain of battle, both shed tears.

John L. tried to wash the sting out of his humiliation by drinking harder than ever. He came home a bloated wreck, a gross effigy of the man he had been. His backers meantime had accepted the challenge of Jake Kilrain, the latest find of Editor Fox, to fight Sullivan for the

title and $10,000 a side. The fallen monarch lay ill for weeks in Boston. His resisting power was gone. He had a long siege of typhoid fever, which left him weak as a baby.

One man in all the world still believed in Sullivan—William Muldoon, who had given up his world championship in wrestling to run a health farm. Muldoon offered to train Sullivan for the Kilrain fight—free of charge if he should lose, but at a fee of $10,000 if he should win. As the stake seemed lost anyhow, John's backers accepted the offer.

In a large and airy room in Muldoon's home, at Belfast, New York, Sullivan kept his bed for a week, so exhausted by fever and his seven years' spree, and so depressed by remorse, that he could neither sleep nor eat. Muldoon had his bed in the corner opposite Sullivan's, and he studied him night and day. After a while he persuaded John to take a little gruel, but his stomach was so weak that a few spoonfuls were enough. If the Big Fellow had not inherited a marvelous constitution, even the magic of Muldoon could not have repaired the waste of seven riotous years. A group of reporters traveled hundreds of miles to see Sullivan work; but only one was let in, and he for only a few minutes.

IN Muldoon's absence one afternoon, Sullivan invited some local worshipers into the barn to see him punch the bag. Muldoon strode in and pointed to the open door. The surprised crowd tiptoed out, and the master made John punch the bag a thousand times more for breaking the rule. Sullivan glared. Muldoon met the glare eye to eye in mocking silence.

After dinner one day Sullivan stole away to the village, bulged through the swing doors of the only saloon, and ordered whisky. In came Muldoon. "Come on, John," he said, and led him home to the barn. There, exclaiming, "Take care of yourself!" he leaped at his fighter.

Seizing Sullivan's left wrist and "hammerlocking" the arm, Muldoon back-heeled him and threw him with a crash. He knelt on his chest and said: "Where's the promise you gave me to cut out the booze? Kilrain is no Mitchell; he's the toughest man you ever tackled."

"All right, Bill," Sullivan growled. "I won't do it again."

Of course Sullivan was not afraid of Muldoon—he feared no man; but the master was a keen psychologist, and knew just how to make him see reason. And the program Muldoon put him through in the next six weeks made the labors of Hercules look like a prekindergarten frolic.

In a little more than two months Sullivan's two hundred and forty pounds of bloat were fined down to two hundred pounds of springy muscle. It was a remade Sullivan who left for the battle ground.

The fighters rested the night before the battle at the home of Charles Rich, a wealthy lumberman, in the little village of Richburg, near historic Vicksburg, Mississippi. By the light of bonfires gangs of carpenters worked all night to build crude stands around the ring near by.

Kilrain, expecting to catch Sullivan in poor condition, was depressed when he heard that he looked as good as ever. Entering the ring, in the late afternoon of July 8, 1889, Kilrain acted more like a man going to be hanged than one going to fight for the championship. Sullivan bounded into the inclosure like a young buck in the spring.

The crowd gasped, then cheered. Turning his broad back toward Kilrain, he stretched out his arms, drew them in, flexed the muscles of his sunburned back and shoulders so that they stood out in mighty ridges, then turned and glared over his shoulder at Kilrain, who took one long look and stared down again, worried.

"Look at him, Jake! Face him down!" Mike Donovan urged; but poor Jake looked only at the ground.

Yet he tried to do all he could. At the first onslaught he grappled, back-heeled the champion, and threw him. The fall, far from hurting John L., only added to his fury.

"Can't you hit any harder than that?" he laughed as Kilrain, in the next round, drove his left fist to the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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CAN'T blame her for decking out that neat little foot in a good-looking shoe! But people consider a *face* more important than a *foot!*

If she doesn't get those soft gums firm and healthy, there may come a day, and soon, when she'll be afraid to smile!

Gums need stimulation — they need work. But today's soft foods allow them to sit idle. Gradually they lose their firmness. The walls weaken. There's a trace of "pink" on your tooth brush.

And "pink tooth brush" tends to make the teeth "foggy"—ugly. It may lead to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease—even the dread pyorrhea! And it may threaten the soundness of your teeth.

Get a tube of Ipana. Clean your teeth with it, for Ipana is a splendid modern tooth paste. And each time you clean your teeth, rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. Don't rinse it off. There's ziratol in Ipana, and this splendid toning agent aids the massage in firming the gums.

Use Ipana with massage — and you won't be bothered with "pink tooth brush." Remember: A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is *never* a luxury!

Write Bristol-Myers Co., Dept. AB-322, 73 West St., New York City, for a trial tube of Ipana. Enclose a two-cent stamp.

[HE COULD LICK ANY MAN BORN OF WOMAN!]
Continued from page forty-nine

mouth. Then John rushed and swung the right; but Kilrain stepped inside it and clinched. Sullivan dashed him to the ground. Time, thirty seconds.

If John L. had had the speed of his youth he would have outed Kilrain in three or four rounds; but the speed was gone. "I'm the champion fighter, not a foot racer!" he roared. "Stand up and fight like a man, you runaway —— ——!" Even that passionate taunt could not check Jake in his flight.

The ring was one of the sultriest spots in America. One ringside thermometer marked 108°, another 112°. There was no shade. Spectators gasped, but the fighters battled nimbly. In the thirty-sixth round Jake fell, with Sullivan's knee on his neck, and was carried to his own corner helpless. But a stiff drink revived him. He consumed a pint of whisky during the battle.

After the forty-third round Muldoon gave Sullivan a big swig of cold tea laced with whisky. In his next dash after Kilrain, John stopped, writhed, stood there quivering, sick as a landsman at sea.

"Nail him in the kitchen, Jake!" Donovan yelled; but Jake stood idle.

"I'll call it a draw, John," he offered respectfully.

"No; we'll fight it out!" Sullivan growled, as soon as his throes would let him speak. And presently he dropped Jake with a right on the jaw. In the fiftieth John L. drove his left fist to Jake's nose so hard that Jake turned a back somersault. Yet he gamely kept trying for twenty-five rounds more. Then Donovan told him he had better give in.

"Mike," he answered, "I'd rather die."

"Come on—we'll fight to the death!" cried one of his handlers, defying Sullivan as he pushed Kilrain to the center.

But Donovan had seen two men die in the ring, and as Kilrain tottered forward Mike tossed in the sponge. So ended, after two hours and sixteen minutes of savage punishment, the last bare-knuckle fight in America. Sullivan quickly recovered, shook hands, and said: "Jake, I'm your friend!"

IN his hour of triumph Sullivan turned from Muldoon and started for New York on a tide of champagne. Arrested and taken to the city of Jackson, Mississippi, for trial on the charge of prize fighting, John L. was quartered in the best hotel until the governor clapped him in jail. There the sheriff gave John the freedom of the yard and let him smoke all he liked. Upon conviction he was fined $1,000 and farmed out as a state's prisoner to lumberman Charles Rich, who let him "work" at hunting and fishing for the months of his term.

His consequent conflict with the law against prize fighting cost John L. $18,000; so he set out on tour after tour of knockout exhibitions—and champagne. Backer Jimmy Wakeley would not let John fight Peter Jackson, a tall and formidable West Indian Negro, though Sullivan went alone to Chicago and defied Jackson in his theater.

After two years more of roistering, diversified with acting on the stage, Sullivan and his company started for Australia. At San Francisco they gave him a benefit, and introduced Jim Corbett, a tall, slim young bank clerk lately turned pugilist, to spar with him. Jim dutifully played up to the great man, but back of his pleasant compliments was a cool, shrewd, intelligent mind that studied every move John L. made. Sullivan insisted that they must box in formal evening clothes!

In that brief friendly bout Corbett realized that he was twice as fast as Sullivan. True, one blow of Sullivan's was more destructive than three of his own—but what good would that do Sullivan if he could not land that one blow?

Upon his return from Australia, Sullivan willingly accepted Corbett's challenge to box with five-ounce gloves to a finish before the Olympic Club of New Orleans, Queensberry Rules, for $10,000 a side and a purse of $25,000. He laughed at the boy's folly in daring to meet him.

"That pillow pusher!" he growled. "I'll out him in a punch!" All the experts believed John, and William A. Brady, Corbett's manager, had hard work to raise $10,000 to back him.

Old John L. in his sunset years, when he was a temperance lecturer.

WHILE the wise men flocked around Sullivan in training, they neglected Corbett in his training camp at Allenhurst on the Jersey shore. There I often played handball and walked with him. Once I took a relative to watch him at work. As we drove away I noticed that her lips were moving.

"I'm praying for that poor young man," she explained. "He is so well bred and pleasant. I'm praying that that terrible Sullivan shan't kill him."

At Asbury Park one day an old clergyman descended from his buggy with both hands outstretched.

"Oh, Mr. Corbett," he exclaimed, "you have my best wishes! This is Mr. Corbett, is it not? I am praying that you may conquer that awful man!"

"Thank you, sir. I guess I will," said Corbett modestly as he shook hands.

When I called on Sullivan at the Hotel St. Charles in New Orleans on the day before the battle, I suffered a shock—he looked so good! He was neither fat nor flabby—as so many have said since. He was not yet thirty-four years old, and he had always been able to summon up in time of need a reserve force that was unbeatable.

The impression was deepened as I stood at the door of the arena next evening to see him come in. As he passed he swept us with a glance of his fiery eyes. He was a tiger threading the jungle toward its prey.

Ten thousand men from all over the world crowded the benches banked upward from the sides of the ring. What they expected was plain enough in the betting—three, four, or even five to one on Sullivan.

A few scattered cries of welcome from Californians near the ropes greeted Corbett. The crowd studied him in cold silence. He was a picture of confidence, yet somehow he looked more like a pole vaulter than a fighting man.

Sullivan swaggered to the ring amid a clamor that could be heard for miles. Corbett stepped lightly across to him, moving as gracefully as a master of the dance. Smiling down in scorn from his great height, he suddenly grasped Sullivan's hand, wrenched it, and tossed it aside with a sneer. Sullivan's face flushed, but he was so surprised that he could not say a word.

Stretched at ease in his corner, Corbett pointed at Sullivan and made some jeering remark. Brady, Delaney, and the others clustered around Jim nodded in agreement and laughed loudly. Sullivan edged closer to the front of his chair, but managed to restrain himself. When Referee John Duffy was giving them last orders, Corbett contemptuously interrupted Sullivan's reply with: "Oh,

cut it out! I've got to tell my friend over there which round I'll put you out in."

And the bank clerk had the nerve to push John L. out of his way, shake hands with a friend outside the ropes, point at John once more and grin!

At the sudden crash of the gong, Sullivan bounded from his corner, his eyes blazing, lips drawn back in a savage grin. He shot forward like a bolt loosed from a catapult; but, fast as he plunged, Corbett was out in mid-ring waiting for him. Leaping headlong at the enemy, Sullivan chopped with his left fist and hurled his swinging right. At that precise instant Corbett flew lightly backward. It seemed as if he wafted himself away by mere will power, without any muscular action. Six feet he flew, and came down on tiptoe, perfectly poised, ready to flit in any direction.

Sullivan hit nothing but the air, and his destructive plunge nearly threw him on his face. Another plunge, and again the slim lad was far out of reach, making an apish grimace at the Big Fellow's rage, then nodding and smiling to his friends.

Every time Corbett danced away from a murderous smash he measured the distance, and soon he was making Sullivan miss by inches. He did not try to strike or to parry a blow; fast footwork was his only defense.

The crowd hissed Corbett for his running; but he waved his hand to assure them they soon would see something better. Yet for two rounds he slipped away, alway studying Sullivan intently. As John L. dashed in for the third round, Jim stepped an inch to the right and hooked his left fist hard to his mouth—then ran around him and hooked again. The champion's lips puffed into a red smear.

The crowd stared, breathless.

AS McAuliffe fanned Sullivan between rounds, the towel grazed his legs. Sullivan looked sadly at them. "They're gone, Jack," he said.

"Wait and make him come to you," Jack urged.

"I will," said the Big Fellow. But as the gong sounded he forgot his plan and again rushed furiously. Round after round he charged—and met nothing but that mocking grin. At length, in the midst of his flight, Corbett suddenly halted, hooked his left to the giant's sore mouth, and drove his straight right into Sullivan's ribs with every ounce of his power.

As the blow went home, Sullivan's left knee flew up in evidence of the shock. But Corbett still fled, waiting for the champion's strength to ebb. His seconds begged Jim to finish him, but he laughed at them.

"Leave this to me, boys," he exulted. "I'll get him soon enough."

He was wise to wait. A blow from Sullivan only half conscious would out the strongest man. In the twelfth round Sullivan's glove grazed Corbett's cheek.

"Aha, you damned pillow pusher! I've got you now!" the deep voice rumbled. But Corbett stepped back, came in again with three hot lefts on cheek and chin, and once more melted into the distance. John L. grew slower every round, but he never ceased to attack. Corbett, still wary, drove the right into his ribs again and again. In the twentieth he drove him against the ropes with a shower of hooks and jolts on jaw and ribs. John L. was half dazed, but at the bell walked proudly to his corner.

"Blucher," said Wakeley, in his corner, trying to cheer him, "that faker is so tired he can hardly stand. You want to look out you don't kill him."

Sullivan grinned to show his confidence—he was too tired to speak—but his swollen mouth and puffed eye made a caricature of his grin. The gong clanged. Wakeley's jaw fell as he saw John's heels dragging. Corbett, tireless, waited until Sullivan came near, then feinted at him. The champion rushed, and Jim slipped aside.

HE pretended to hit at Sullivan's middle, and as John dropped his guard Corbett threw all his force into a right swing on the Big Fellow's jaw. John's eyes glazed, the proud head drooped, the terrible arms fell limp.

Corbett pounced on him, both fists flying in short hooks to the jaw that drilled him like machine-gun fire. I never saw so many blows in two seconds. Slowly Sullivan's knees gave way. The huge body shivered and very gradually sank to the floor. He fell sitting, tried to push himself up, and sprawled over on his right side. The champion of champions was through. No one moved or spoke as Duffy counted the ten seconds.

Corbett danced about the ring, laughing, receiving congratulations. As he ran toward my place, I rose. He threw both arms around me and whacked my back with his fists. "What did I tell you?" he exclaimed, and danced away.

A globule of red appeared on his breast, where one of the barbs of a wire barrier around the ring had pierced the skin.

That tiny drop was all the blood he shed in that ring. Sullivan never hit him.

The mass of battered flesh that was Sullivan began to stir, struggled to rise. Slowly and uncertainly he staggered across the ring, stumbled against the ropes, raised the right arm that had destroyed a thousand hopes.

The deep rumble of his voice filled the amphitheater.

"Gentlemen," he declared, "I have nothing at all to say. All I have to say is that I came into the ring once too often, and if I had to get licked, I am glad I was licked by an American. I remain your warm and personal friend, John L. Sullivan."

This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Inglis on giants of the ring whom he has known. A third will appear in an early issue of Liberty.

THERE'S dirt *Trapped* IN YOUR SKIN!

YOUR face is a network of pores imbedded with dirt that water can't get to.

You doubt it? You think your face is clean? Prove it yourself. Wash your face thoroughly in the usual way. Wash it again. Now rub some Pompeian Massage Cream into your skin . . . around the nose, the chin, the forehead. Rub it until it begins to roll out. Notice that the cream, pink when it went in, comes out gray and dingy with dirt!

Look in your mirror. The gray look has gone from your skin already! It's clean! It has the fresh color of perfect health.

Dirty, clogged pores cause a condition resulting in blackheads and skin eruptions. Give yourself a Pompeian Massage regularly or have your barber give you one. Pompeian Massage Cream can be bought at any drug store or toilet goods counter in U. S. or Canada for only 60c the jar.

The Pompeian Co. *Sales Representative*—Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., New York

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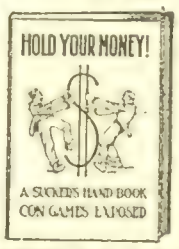
"HOLD YOUR MONEY!"

(A Sucker's Handbook)



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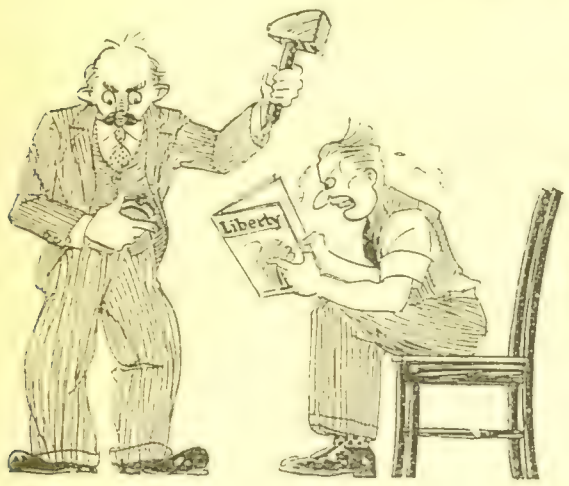
Vox

It's Meant to Guide You, Not Ride You

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Will you kindly quit putting that " reading time " at the beginning of your stories and articles? It gets me all jumpy. I feel compelled to finish in a given time whatever I'm reading in Liberty, and I don't like compulsion. We have too many laws trying to compel us to do things now, and it's



just too bad when a magazine makes us feel mean if we don't read right on schedule, like machines.

I always feel, when I'm reading Liberty, as if there were a timekeeper standing in front of me—a timekeeper all ready to wallop me if I didn't finish right on the dot.—*Arthur N.*

"Are We a Defenseless Nation?"

ALHAMBRA, CALIF.—In giving us that editorial, " Are We a Defenseless Nation? " Liberty performed an invaluable public service, nation-wide in its scope.

Every sane man abhors war, but every real man accepts its challenge.

As a minimum, give us an air force affording genuine protection, an army as prescribed by the National Defense Act, and a navy as promised under the London Treaty.—*J. Knight Uhler.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Your editorial urging preparedness—it was called " Are We a Defenseless Nation? "—made me just plain sick. Preparedness is to keep us out of war, I suppose? And the more the nations arm, the less likely to fight they'll be? . . . When I want my four boys to stop fighting I don't fit them out with knives.—*A Mother.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Please accept my congratulations on your forceful editorial, " Are We a Defenseless Nation? "

It takes courage to point out the serious defects of our defensive system.

It seems almost impossible that there are still such vast numbers of people living within our boundaries who are willing to lend their ears to the perpetual whining of those pacifists who are perfectly satisfied to sell our country and our wealth for a ridiculous idea.

We realize that a strong and well equipped police force is a necessity. The wealthier a home, the more it is in danger of invasion by those who would acquire wealth and riches without the necessary labors.

Even so is this richest country on earth endangered by enemies and requires an adequate police protection against those enemies.

The suggestion that all police force be abolished would be ridiculous, but not more ridiculous than the demand that we cut appropriations for the army, navy, and air force. And this very demand is being made!—*Wolf A. Lederer.*

Prohibition's Wrongs and States' Rights

ALEXANDRIA, LA.—I noticed that a New Yorker, James W. Robertson, who stated, in Vox Pop, that he represented the voice of young America, wrote as follows:

" When we, the future rulers of this land, come into power, prohibition, among other evils, goes overboard. The W. C. T. U. and stagnant religion may have fooled our parents, but we shall be on the alert."

Spurgeon M. Wingo

The gentleman from New York is mistaken on two counts. In the first place, the views he expresses are not those of the generation which is just beginning to vote. In the second place, no one individual can propose to represent the voice of young America.

In regard to the prohibition situation, may I say, sir, that we of the South are not likely to be soon swept off our feet by wet support of states' rights? My grandfather was a major in the armies of the Confederacy and fought four years to support that doctrine. Today, when we hear the North and East clamoring for states' rights, it sounds like purest hypocrisy to us, for we well remember their position on this principle in 1861 to 1865.—*Spurgeon M. Wingo.*

Explanations Are Needless—

ATLANTA, GA. — Instead of using Robert Benchley's stuff you might do better to fill the space it occupies with explanations of why you use it. You'd need all that space, and more, to justify printing Bobbie's stuff.—*J. N. S.*

—When Readers Feel Like This

NEW YORK, N. Y.—When I feel blue, and my friends' funniest stories can't cheer me up, and the best farce in the city seems sort of blah—I turn to Robert Benchley. Yes, I get out a lot of back numbers of Liberty and after I've read four or five of Bob's screams I'm a new man.—*T. Johnson.*

The Return to the Soil

TWIN FALLS, IDAHO—Please tell us the point of the back-to-the-land joke. We farmers would like to laugh.

Of course, if it were serious, it would be a great idea. After two years of depression the needy unemployed surely must have enough of their diminishing savings left to buy a farm and clothe and feed their dependents another year until they can raise a crop!?—*W. C. Lewis.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Your editorial, " Our Great National Hero "—in which you emphasized the importance of following Washington's example of going back to the land—and Mary Noble's back-to-the-farm articles should prove convincing to the progressive-minded. There is enough land in the U. S. A. so that millions of people could return to the soil. Our unemployed are costing taxpayers hundreds of millions of dollars every year. Why not make these jobless people an asset instead of a liability?

Merely from a selfish point of view, if nothing else, every city should start a movement to give each needy family, unable to secure work, a certain amount of land, so that it could at least become self-supporting.—*F. Davis.*

Right. We're Known for Bringing People Down to Earth

NEW YORK, N. Y.—One of my pals is a steelworker—one of those birds that work on skyscrapers' skeletons, and help push 'em up into the high, clean air. He doesn't talk about himself as a steelworker—he calls himself and his pals who work with him " roughnecks."

Well, this roughneck that I know is a Liberty fan. He likes to take a copy of

it up into the air with him when he goes on the job, and he likes to take a look at it when he's biting into a sandwich at eating time. But he told me there's one serial he's kind of leery about reading. It's called " The Shackled Cinderella," and is by Edward Doherty. He said it got him so worked up he was afraid of losing his balance and falling down into the street.—*Shorty.*

Pop

About Shoes, Shrieks, and One Thing and Another

BOSTON, MASS.—I got a great deal of enjoyment out of Diana Bourbon's article entitled "Things We Could Learn from the English." It was an admirable presentation of certain of our national faults. But it nearly disrupted our household!

You see, one of the points that the author made was that American men are inclined to be slovenly about keeping

their shoes clean. After I'd finished the article my husband and I went for a walk, and I happened to glance down at his shoes. Yes, sure enough, they were dusty, dirty, and cracked. They hadn't been shined for months. It made me a little mad.

I whirled on him, pointed at his feet, and cried, "Just *look!*" He must have thought I'd seen a snake. He's a nervous man, and he leaped about two feet into the air, and gave a loud shout. He was sulky all the rest of that day.

And all because of Diana Bourbon!—*Estelle.*

The Voice of Lincoln Across the Years

KANSAS CITY, KAN.—It was highly presumptuous of Mr. Viereck, in his article, "Our Appalling Crisis—What Would Lincoln Do?" to attempt to show that Lincoln, if he were alive today, would be against prohibition.

It is sheer foolishness for an author to try to prove anything of the sort.—*A Dry, and Proud of It.*

CASPER, WYO.—In going through a letter file I came to a newspaper clipping, the last paragraph of which I am transcribing below. If it surprises your vast number of readers in a "delightful" way such as it did the undersigned, it is well worth publishing.

"In the Illinois House of Representatives, December 18, 1840, recorded on page 136 of the Journal of the House, Abraham Lincoln made the statement:

"'Prohibition will work great injury to the cause of temperance. It is a species of intemperance within itself, for it goes beyond the bounds of reason in that it attempts to control a man's appetite by legislation and makes a crime out of things that are not crimes. A prohibition law strikes a blow at the very principle upon which our government was founded.'"

Here, in sixty-four words, he said more than all of the countless millions of words pro and con in the American mediums of broadcasting on this subject.—*C. J. Frost.*

DANVILLE, ILL.—Your latest bunk, in line with your insidious wet propaganda, is the capsheaf. For Mr. Viereck, in his article, "Our Appalling Crisis—What Would Lincoln Do?" to line Mr. Lincoln up with the wets is only surpassed by other wet attempts to show the lowly Galilean in sympathy with their unholy, law-despising business and appetites.—*Chas. W. Billings.*

LYNCHBURG, VA.—I congratulate George Sylvester Viereck on his splendid article on Lincoln.

What we do most urgently need, now, is not the cautious, law-abiding moves of a Hoover, but the firm and dictatorial management of a man like Abraham Lincoln, who disregarded law, ignored the spineless Congress, put those who interfered with him in jail, and with his divine and courageous hand worked out things, after a time, as he wanted them.

We need dictators and law scorners, not Presidents and law abiders.—*Sterling H. Weed.*

We Read 'Em All. They're O. K.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—What I like about Liberty:

The informative articles. The humorous articles (especially when written by Robert Benchley). The editorials. To the Ladies. The Cross Word Puzzles. For the Love o' Lil. The reviews of the current movies. John Held, Jr.'s, drawings. The prize contests. Twenty Questions. Bright Sayings of Children. Vox Pop. The cover. The price.

Mary Ellen Duncan

The stories may be all right, too. I don't know. I never read them.—*Mary Ellen Duncan.*

Mr. Belovich Knows His Gems

NIPAWIN, SASK., CAN.—There's a romantic, old-world something about Bennie Hecht's stories that straps him securely on that pedestal labeled "different." Just witness "The Boy Pirate."

He has but to lay hold of a hackneyed, threadbare theme, breathe upon it the breath of Hechtism, and, lo—it glitters like a gem in the light!—*Maurice Belovich.*

A Funny Bone Is Hit

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Your humorous stories are getting humorouser. That one by John Lebar, "Dolly's Past," had just what it took to smack me right on the funny bone.—*Frank.*

The Crucial Question of Covers

CHICAGO, ILL.—At last your magazine printed a decent cover! I am referring to James Montgomery Flagg's Lincoln cover on your February 13 issue. That is what I've always been wanting to see: covers to fit the occasions.

Casey Cieslak

What do I care if Sandy and Lil have an addition to the family—or the kids get paint all over themselves? I can see such everyday messes by looking around at home.

Keep up the good work by varying the covers. For instance, when spring puts in an appearance—love; Easter parades—pretty dames.

Yes, you must be getting occasion-conscious.—*Casey Cieslak.*

GLASGOW, W. VA.—I'm only eleven but I know my onions. I am so tired of seeing pretty girls on the front of magazines. So please give us good old Gwen and Ulysses. By some people's talk you would think that there weren't any children.—*Just Jeanne.*

VALLEJO, CALIF.—Hurrah! I've found a way to please the readers of Liberty who don't like Leslie Thrasher's covers. Stop, look, and listen, you kickers! Here's the big idea.

Each of you must send a notice to the

editor that you want a plain cover on your magazine. Buy a lot of paints and brushes.

Then proceed with the painting of a cover that satisfies you completely. Put in all those clever little touches that you've been telling Thrasher to put in. Whoops!—*A Reader.*

P. S. The editor will not be responsible for any damage done to the cover.

Did President WILSON Before He Was

A Complete Disclosure of the President's Secr and Fateful "Gentleman's Agreement" with the Allies, Based upon His Correspondence, Facts Obtained from His Associates, and Conversations with

COLONEL E. M. HOUSE

His Confidential Adviser

By

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

WILSON delivering his second inaugural address, March 4, 1917. Almost a year before, and eight months before his re-election, he had formally sanctioned the "gentleman's agreement" with the Allies.

Wide World photo

(Reading time: 24 minutes 50 seconds.)

IN last week's installment of this series of revelations Mr. Viereck completed his account of "the strangest friendship in history," that of President Wilson and Colonel House, and its mysterious termination. He posed the question, "Who killed Cock Robin?"—meaning this friendship—and set forth all the facts throwing light on it. His own answer to it, deduced from the personalities of the two statesmen, will appear in a later installment.

He now illuminates the amazing stroke of secret diplomacy, conceived and largely effected by Colonel House, which justifies the question that is the title of the present installment.

PART FIVE—A SECRET "SCRAP OF PAPER"

TEN months before the election which returned Wilson to the White House because "he kept us out of war" Colonel House negotiated a secret agreement with England and France, on behalf of Wilson, which pledged the United States to intervene on behalf of the Allies.

On March 7, 1916, Woodrow Wilson formally sanctioned the undertaking. If an inkling of the conversations between Colonel House and the leaders of England and of France had reached the American people before the election, it would have caused incalculable revulsions of public opinion. It might have led to Wilson's reëlection by an even greater majority—or to his impeachment.

"What does the United States wish Great Britain to do?" It was our ambassador, Walter Hines Page, who addressed this question to the emissary of President Wilson. Among those who anxiously waited for the Colonel's reply were Lloyd George, Lord Reading, Reginald M'Kenna, and Austen Chamberlain. It was characteristic of the mental attitude of Page that he made himself the spokesman of the four British statesmen.

"The United States," replied House, "would like Great Britain to do those things which would enable the United States to help Great Britain win the war."

This was in January, 1916. The British statesmen were charmed. Page generously said: "You have answered the question with more cleverness than I had the wit to do."

From this conversation and various conferences with Sir Edward Grey grew the secret treaty, made without the knowledge and consent of the United States Senate, by which Woodrow Wilson and House chained the United States to the chariot of the Entente. I beg the reader's pardon. It was not a "treaty" but a "gentleman's agreement." A gentleman's agreement, in the language of diplomacy, is a compact morally binding upon the participants but drawn loosely enough to be explained away if awkward questions are asked. Only the spirit, not the letter, of the Constitution is violated!

To what extent do nations rule themselves? To what extent are their destinies decided by such private understandings among gentlemen? Sir Edward Grey in Parliament suavely disavowed with uplifted eyebrow any binding engagement between Great Britain and France. With equal skill he evaded the questions of Colonel House in

Pledge Us to War
Re-Elected?

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David Lloyd George, who at the time of the agreement was Minister of Munitions.

H. H. Asquith, later Earl of Oxford and Asquith, who was Prime Minister when House and Grey negotiated the agreement.

THESE three leaders of England concurred in the "gentleman's agreement." At the right is Arthur (later Earl) Balfour. He was First Lord of the Admiralty.

1914. The agreement or understanding was entirely "informal." It did not obligate Great Britain legally. Nevertheless, the entire foreign policy of Great Britain, France, and Russia rested upon this scrap of paper. And when the war came England paid with her blood for the I O U of Sir Edward Grey.

We Americans feel secure in the knowledge that no administration can enter into formal engagements on behalf of the United States with a foreign power without the knowledge and consent of the Senate. Nevertheless, Woodrow Wilson and Colonel House were not the first offenders. There is some reason for believing that a secret agreement was made between Lord Salisbury and President McKinley in the Spanish-American War. Tyler Dennett, a distinguished American historian, unearthed

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

DID PRESIDENT WILSON PLEDGE US TO WAR BEFORE HE WAS RE-ELECTED?

Continued from page fifty-five

a secret engagement between President Roosevelt and the Japanese government which made the United States virtually a member of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. And in 1916 Wilson and House made with Sir Edward Grey the most fateful gentleman's agreement in history.

This instrument gave England the right to demand American intervention at her convenience, and bound the United States to support the Allies unless victorious Germany accepted a peace dictated by her vanquished foes. Sir Edward Grey, England's Foreign Minister, Balfour, First Lord of the Admiralty, Lloyd George, then Minister of Munitions, and Prime Minister Asquith concurred in the agreement. It was sanctioned and confirmed by President Wilson. I do not question the loftiness of Wilson's motives or the integrity and the patriotism of House. The gentleman's agreement was the Colonel's reply to the President's pacifism. It pleased Wilson because it assured to America a voice in the Peace Conference. It pleased House because it guaranteed the victory of the Allies. Strange to say, it did not please England and France; and thereby hangs a tale—the tale of the secret treaties.

Though withheld from the American people and from the Senate of the United States, the gentleman's agreement was known in the foreign offices of the Allies. Even the American Secretary of State, Mr. Lansing, was apprised of its terms. After the war the text of the agreement leaked out. Grey was the first to tattle. Page discussed it at length. Colonel House tells its history. But for some incomprehensible reason the enormous significance of the revelation never penetrated the consciousness of the American people.

Wide World photo

Sir Edward Grey, afterward Viscount Grey of Falloden, with whom Colonel House negotiated the agreement.

We are indebted to House for tracing the genesis of the document. The idea had been germinating for some time in the Colonel's mind. On October 17, 1915, Colonel House wrote a now historical letter to Grey in which he first broached the subject:

> In my opinion, it would be a world-wide calamity if the war should continue to a point where the Allies could not, with the aid of the United States, bring about a peace along the lines you and I have so often discussed. What I want you to know is that, whenever you consider the time is propitious for this intervention, I will propose it to the President. He may then desire me to go to Europe in order that a more intimate understanding as to procedure may be had.
>
> It is in my mind that, after conferring with your Government, I should proceed to Berlin and tell them that it was the President's purpose to intervene and stop this destructive war, provided the weight of the United States thrown on the side that accepted our proposal could do it.

THIS seems fair enough. However, the Colonel knew with what bait to snare his British friends. "I would not," he adds, "let Berlin know, of course, of any understanding had with the Allies, but would rather lead them to think our proposal would be rejected by the Allies. This might induce Berlin to accept the proposal, but, if they did not do so, it would nevertheless be the purpose to intervene. If the Central Powers were still obdurate, it would probably be necessary for us to join the Allies and force the issue."

The carbon copy of this letter, which is preserved in the House archives, bears opposite this paragraph the following notation in the handwriting of Colonel House: "I have expressed myself badly, and I do not mean to be unfair to Berlin. E. M. H."

House called Grey's attention to the danger of postponing action too long: "If the Allies should be unsuccessful and become unable to do their full share, it would be increasingly difficult, if not impossible, for us to intervene. I would have made this proposal to the President last autumn," he adds, "but you will remember that it was not agreeable to the Allies."

The suggestion electrified Wilson. The very next day, October 18, Wilson replied and sanctioned the letter except for one or two "unimportant verbal changes." The changes are, however, by no means unimportant. The President was unwilling to make American intervention inevitable. The original reads: "If the Central Powers were still obdurate, it would be necessary for us to join the Allies," etc. Wilson added the word "probably" and the sentence now reads: "It would *probably* be necessary," etc. Wilson considered the rest of the letter all right and prayed that it might bring results. House was fully alive to the vital significance of Wilson's commitment.

"This," he notes, "is one of the most important letters I have ever received from the President." The letter begins "Dearest Friend" and ends "Affectionately yours"; but—*the signature is missing!* "The President did not sign this," House remarks in a marginal note, "because of the danger of sending it through the mails." Wilson knew that it was dynamite. It was written on White House stationery on the President's own typewriter.

THREE weeks later Sir Edward Grey inquired by cable if the letter from House was to be taken in conjunction with his (Grey's) proposal made some weeks earlier for a League of Nations. House consulted with Wilson. On November 1 Wilson authorized House by telegraph to reply in the affirmative. Duumvir Wilson was now completely under the spell of Duumvir House.

House discussed the idea of American intervention informally with various British statesmen, but he decided to bring France into line before reducing the agreement to writing. He used all his powers of persuasion to convince Aristide Briand, who was Premier of France, and Jules Cambon, his Foreign Minister, of Wilson's desire to bring the war to an end upon a "reasonable" basis. "Reasonable," in the Colonel's vocabulary, meant favorable to the Entente.

On February 7, 1916, Colonel House had a heart-to-heart talk with Briand and his colleague. "We had a complete understanding as to the immediate future," the Colonel reports. "I again told them that the lower the fortunes of the Allies ebbed, the closer the United States would stand by them." House summarizes the gist of the conversation in a letter to Wilson dated February 9, 1916:

> It was finally understood that in the event the Allies had some notable victories during the spring and summer, you would not intervene; and in the event that the tide of war went against them or remained stationary, you would intervene. This conversation is to go no further than between Briand, Cambon, and myself, and I promised that no one in America should know of it excepting yourself and Lansing.
>
> I told them I had had a similar conversation in England and that there it would go no further than a group composed of the Prime Minister, Sir Edward Grey, Balfour, and Lloyd George. This seemed agreeable to them. . . .
>
> It is impossible for any unprejudiced person to believe that it would be wise for America to take part in this war unless it comes about by intervention based upon the highest human motives. We are the only nation left on earth with sufficient power to lead them out, and with us once in, the war would have to go to a finish with all its appalling consequences. It is better for the Central Powers and it is better for the Allies, as indeed it is better for us, to act in this way; and I have not hesitated to say this to the British and French Governments, and have intimated it to Germany.
>
> A great opportunity is yours, my friend—the greatest, perhaps, that has ever come to any man. The way out seems clear to me and, when I can lay the facts before you, I believe it will be clear to you also.

In each government I have visited I have found stubbornness, determination, selfishness, and cant. One continually hears self-glorification and the highest motives attributed to themselves because of their part in the war. But I may tell you that my observation is that incompetent statesmanship and selfishness is at the bottom of it all. . . .

On February 10 House had an important conference with Sir Edward Grey. He embodied the sense of it in a cable to Wilson: "We finally agreed that it would be best for you to demand that the belligerents permit you to call a conference for the discussion of peace terms. We concluded this would be better than intervention [on the submarine issue], and it was understood, though not definitely agreed upon, that you might do this within a very short time—perhaps soon after I returned. The Allies will agree to the conference, and, if Germany does not, I have promised for you that we will throw in all our weight in order to bring her to terms."

OTHER conferences followed. In the meantime Grey had received a communication from the French ambassador giving in detail the minutes of the conference between House and Aristide Briand and Jules Cambon. The French understood House to say that America would intervene no matter how low French fortunes might fall. House asked Grey to correct that impression.

Sir Edward Grey at first coyly refused to consent to accept Wilson's proffered hand, but he finally yielded to the persuasion of House, who threatened that the United States would withdraw its support unless France and England acted quickly. Asquith, Balfour, Lloyd George, and Reading entered the plot. They pointed out the difficulty of securing the consent of England's Allies.

"The next point," House writes in his diary, "that came up was how the British Government could let us know they considered the time propitious for us to intervene, without first submitting the question to the Allies, and, if they did not submit it to the Allies, how to avoid the charge of double-dealing. The solution I suggested for this was that at regular intervals I would cable Sir Edward Grey, in our private code, offering intervention. He could ignore the messages until the time was propitious, and then he could bring it to the attention of the Allies as coming from us and not as coming from Great Britain."

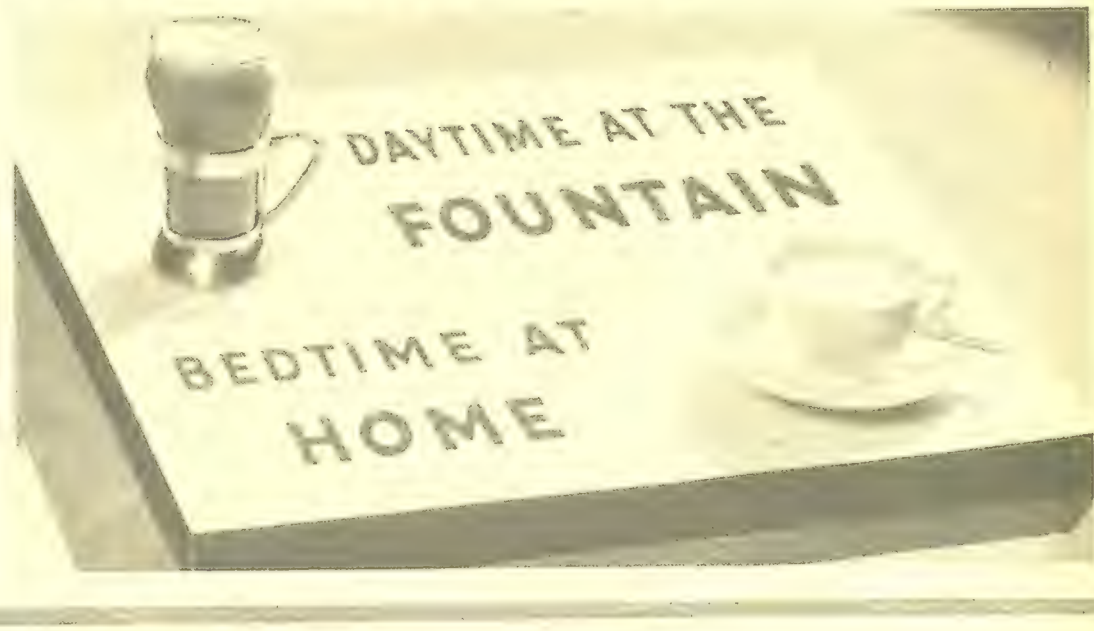
The British gladly accepted the suggestion. The conferences continued. They were conspicuous for the absence of Ambassador Page. In a memorandum dated February 9 Page perpetuates his protest:

"Of course, the fatal moral weakness of the scheme is that we should plunge into the war, not on the merits of the cause, but by a carefully sprung

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

RUN DOWN? PEP UP!

TAKE THE TWO-A-DAY WAY



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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

DID PRESIDENT WILSON PLEDGE US TO WAR BEFORE HE WAS RE-ELECTED?

Continued from page fifty-seven

trick. When I said that the way to get into the war was for a proper cause—to decline to be hoodwinked about the Lusitania or (*or* and) to send Bernstorff home because he gave money to von Papen which went to bomb-throwers, etc., etc., . . . then House objected that we must do it the President's own way. Of course, such an indirect scheme is doomed to failure—is wrong, in fact."

House brushed aside Page's misgivings. On February 14 he agreed with Sir Edward Grey on a definite formula. February 23 Sir Edward Grey finally embodied the gentleman's agreement in the following memorandum:

(Confidential)

Colonel House told me that President Wilson was ready, on hearing from France and England that the moment was opportune, to propose that a Conference should be summoned to put an end to the war. Should the Allies accept this proposal, and should Germany refuse it, the United States would probably enter the war against Germany.

Colonel House expressed the opinion that, if such a Conference met, it would secure peace on terms not unfavorable to the Allies; and, if it failed to secure peace, the United States would leave the Conference as a belligerent on the side of the Allies, if Germany was unreasonable.

Colonel House expressed an opinion decidedly favorable to the restoration of Belgium, the transfer of Alsace and Lorraine to France, and the acquisition by Russia of an outlet to the sea, though he thought that the loss of territory incurred by Germany in one place would have to be compensated to her by concessions to her in other places outside Europe. If the Allies delayed accepting the offer of President Wilson, and if, later on, the course of the war was so unfavorable to them that the intervention of the United States would not be effective, the United States would probably disinterest themselves in Europe and look to their own protection in their own way.

I said that I felt the statement, coming from the President of the United States, to be a matter of such importance that I must inform the Prime Minister and my colleagues; but that I could say nothing until it had received their consideration. The British Government could, under no circumstances, accept or make any proposal except in consultation and agreement with the Allies. I thought that the Cabinet would probably feel that the present situation would not justify them in approaching their Allies on this subject at the present moment; but, as Colonel House had had an intimate conversation with M. Briand and M. Jules Cambon in Paris, I should think it right to tell M. Briand privately, through the French Ambassador in London, what Colonel House had said to us; and I should, of course, whenever there was an opportunity, be ready to talk the matter over with M. Briand, if he desired it.

International photo

Aristide Briand, who was Premier of France in 1916.

Armed with the gentleman's agreement, Colonel House returned to Washington. The President assured him that he had accomplished a difficult task in a way beyond his expectations.

"I would be proud," said House, "if you were given the opportunity to realize the plan."

"You should be proud of yourself, not of me," said the President, "since you have done it all."

BUT on studying the document the President's Calvinist conscience asserted itself. He was horrified by the thought that the agreement committed him to war. There was one sentence that he couldn't swallow. Knowing Wilson's unwillingness to obligate himself definitely, House no doubt called Sir Edward Grey's attention to the word "probably" which Wilson inserted in the letter of October 17. The astute Grey, in his memorandum, used "probably" twice. But he omitted it in one very important sentence: "If it failed to secure peace, the United States would leave the Conference as a belligerent on the side of the Allies, if Germany was unreasonable." Wilson immediately noted the missing qualification. With visions of men mowed down and youthful bodies trampled in the mire assailing his mind, he inserted between "would" and "leave" once more one word—*probably*. Thus his conscience was set at rest. He was not unconditionally committed—legally. Morally, he was bound to enter the war at the pleasure of England and France!

On March 7, 1916, eight months before his reëlection, the President formally approved the gentleman's agreement. He himself took down in shorthand the sense of his discussion with House. He himself typed it off:

"I reported to the President the general conclusions of our conference of the 14th of February, and in the light of those conclusions he author-

ized me to say that, so far as he can speak for the future action of the United States, he agrees to the memorandum with which you furnished me, with only this correction: that the word 'probably' be added after the word 'would' and before the word 'leave' in line number nine."

This telegram, typed by the President, signed by Colonel House, and addressed to Sir Edward Grey, made the United States conditionally a member of the Entente.

Why were the Allies dissatisfied? Why did they not avail themselves of the gentleman's agreement?

We must remember that the provisional peace terms agreed to by Woodrow Wilson and Colonel House were infinitely milder than the terms proposed in the secret treaties between the Allies themselves, which were not then known, or fully known, to Woodrow Wilson and his coregent.

LET us first examine the "reasonable" terms sanctioned by Wilson and House which did not satisfy the rapacity of the Allies. Though shod with fine phrases, the cloven hoof betrayed itself. The terms approved by the duumvirs included the restoration of Belgium and Serbia, the abolition of competitive armaments, guaranties against military aggression, the transfer of the Italian-speaking regions of Austria to Italy, the cession of Constantinople to Russia, and the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine by France. There could be no objection to the restoration of the invaded countries. But nothing in the military situation justified the surrender of Alsace-Lorraine and the sacrifices demanded from Turkey and Austria-Hungary. The phrase "guaranties against military aggression" was a concealed attempt to insure forever the contemplated loot of the Allies.

When these peace terms were drawn Germany held Belgium and throttled France. Her submarines were paralyzing Great Britain. Italy was demoralized, Russia beginning to crack. Such a peace could not seem "reasonable" to the Germans. Compensations outside Europe held no allurements for Germany.

The fact that even more drastic humiliations were laid upon the Central Powers after their defeat does not make the terms proposed in the gentleman's agreement "reasonable." It merely explains why the Peace Treaty of Versailles is unworkable and why the attempt to enforce it has upset completely the economic structure of the civilized world.

How was it possible that terms such as these seemed "reasonable" to the shrewd Colonel House and the scholarly Woodrow Wilson? How—unless they were completely hypnotized by the blandishments of Sir Edward Grey and their own ingrained sympathy with Great Britain?

When Wilson was exhorting his countrymen to be neutral even in thought, he did not hide from Colonel House the fact that his heart was with

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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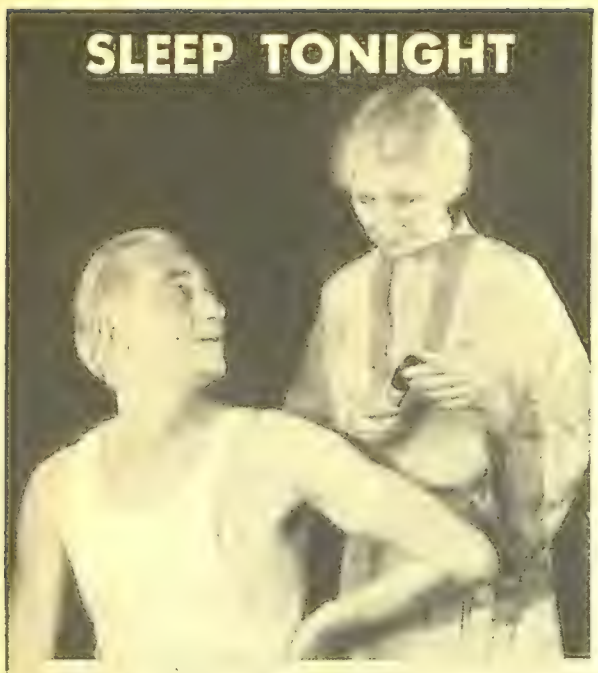
Before *a cold starts* After *a cold starts*



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For Free Sample and Walking Doll, address Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N.Y.

[DID PRESIDENT WILSON PLEDGE US TO WAR BEFORE HE WAS RE-ELECTED?]
Continued from page fifty-nine

the Allies. "He [Wilson]," the Colonel notes in his diary on August 30, 1914, "felt deeply the destruction of Louvain, and I found him as unsympathetic with the German attitude as is the balance of America. He goes even further than I in his condemnation of Germany's part in this war, and almost allows his feeling to include the German people as a whole. . . ."

When the Cabinet discussed retaliatory measures against the Entente for their infringement of our neutral rights, Wilson exclaimed: "Gentlemen, the Allies are standing with their backs to the wall, fighting wild beasts! I will permit nothing to be done by our country to hinder or embarrass them in the prosecution of the war unless admitted rights are grossly violated." He finally asked for the embargo. But he refused to avail himself of it.

When Brand Whitlock, ambassador in Belgium, called on him in December, 1915, this colloquy ensued:

WHITLOCK: Mr. President, I am officially representing the interests of Germany as well as of the United States, and I can say honestly that I am officially neutral in all things. But I ought to tell you that in my heart there is no such thing as neutrality. I am heart and soul for the Allies.

WILSON: So am I. No decent man, knowing the situation and Germany, could be anything else. But that is only my own personal opinion. . . .

IN spite of his own sentiments, Wilson strove heroically to maintain an impartial attitude officially.

Page, while resenting the President's pacifism, took it for granted that Wilson was pro-English. He knew that Colonel House was England's friend. House made no concealment of his leanings. He could not conceive of any save a British peace. But, like Wilson, he looked upon the victory of Great Britain merely as a phase in the struggle of humanity toward a new international ideal. He saw rising, goddesslike from seas of carnage, a Parliament of Man. Wilson believed that he could remake the world without unsheathing the sword. House did not share this hope. He feared a recession of the "democratic ideal" throughout the world in case of a German victory, and was alarmed by the possibility of a clash between American democracy and German militarism.

The gentleman's agreement was based upon this theory. We may disagree with the Colonel. But if we accept his premise we cannot impeach his actions. Colonel House wished to end the senseless slaughter as soon as possible and leave Great Britain mistress of the seas. It was his conviction that enlightened self-interest would compel Great Britain to share the trident of naval supremacy with the United States. Together the two countries were to safeguard the peace of the world. House was not disinclined to take Germany into the partnership. Germany was to keep peace on the land, while the Anglo-Saxon nations maintained tranquillity on the seas. It is extremely unlikely that the hard-headed Englishmen who made the gentleman's agreement with House shared his dream.

Herbert O. Yardley, who decoded the Wilson-House cipher without difficulty.

THE gentleman's agreement brought neither peace nor the millennium. It inspired the Allies to reject every peace offer from Germany, because they knew that if their backs were against the wall they could count upon the United States. Having nothing to lose by delay, the Allies were in no mood to precipitate America's intervention. Their unsavory secret treaties, dividing the skin of the German bear long before he was trapped, were far more immoderate than the "reasonable" terms discussed between Sir Edward Grey and Colonel House.

England and France wanted America to enter the war too angry to ask questions about their secret engagements. They did not want a peace conference dominated by the United States to thwart their greedy schemes for aggrandizement. They were alarmed by the idealism of Wilson. The insertion of the word "probably" in the gentleman's agreement aroused their fear that Wilson might let them down at the last moment unless his hand was forced.

Their distrust of Wilson was heightened by Page, who frankly sided with the Allies against his own government.

Except for these considerations, England and France would have invoked the gentleman's agreement to force American intervention long before Germany, equally distrustful of Wilson, resorted to her last weapon, unrestricted submarine warfare.

Germany would have exercised more patience if she had not got wind of the gentleman's agreement between Wilson's emissary and England and France. As early as February 29, 1916, Gerard wrote: "Both the Chancellor and von Jagow say they are convinced America has a secret understanding with England and that nothing can be arranged."

How did the Germans read the mind of the duumvirs? Herbert O. Yardley, then a young clerk in the State Department, boasts that he deciphered the confidential messages between Wilson and House for his own amusement with the aid of the simple devices employed by Poe in his story The Gold Bug. This would lead one to suspect that every Cabinet in Europe must have been in possession of these messages, for the tapping of cable wires presents no mechanical difficulties to experts of a modern intelligence service.

True, the cables of Colonel House were guarded by an elaborate system. When House sent a communication to Wilson from Europe it was put in the special code which he and Wilson had devised for their own convenience. It was then intrusted to the naval attachés of the American Embassy and translated into what was called the Navy Box, an intricate code changed every day, and transmitted to the Navy Department in Washington. The Navy Department retranslated it into the original House-Wilson code and forwarded the message to the Secretary of State. The State Department in turn delivered it to Mr. Wilson. When it reached Mr. Yardley it was not in the Navy Box but in the simple House-Wilson cipher, which Mr. Yardley was able to decode without difficulty.

Nevertheless, it is possible, in the light of Mr. Yardley's astounding revelations, that the elaborate organizations maintained in all European countries may have had the key to the Navy Box! The German Black Chamber would not have been worth its salt if it had failed to discover some reference to the gentleman's agreement in the correspondence of the duumvirs or in the communications between Allied statesmen. Colonel House himself somewhere expressed his fear of a leak.

WITH this knowledge, no matter how vague, the German Foreign Office could no longer believe in the good faith of the President of the United States.

In vain Bernstorff attempted to convince Berlin of Wilson's sincerity. The Wilhelmstrasse repeatedly tried to employ for its own ends Mr. Wilson's desire to emerge from the war as the Peacemaker. Without knowledge of Wilson's complex personality, without understanding his intransigent idealism, German diplomats attributed this desire solely to egotism.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Colonel House's Comments

February 13, 1932.

DEAR MR. VIERECK:

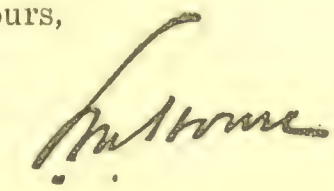
Thank you for letting me read in advance of publication your article in Liberty concerning the so-called Gentlemen's Agreement with Great Britain in 1916.

You are unfair to President Wilson, Lord Grey, and myself. All three of us knew that whatever agreement of the kind made was subject to the consent of Congress, and President Wilson was not overstepping his prerogatives when he accepted it. You might argue that such action of his compelled Congress to sustain him, but you will recall that the President himself, acting in conjunction with the Prime Ministers of the Allies and their representatives, made a solemn agreement at Versailles which was afterwards rejected by the Senate. An Executive must conduct the affairs of state according to his judgment as to the best interest of the country, but the final decision rests with the Congress.

Please bear in mind that the Germans were approached in 1915 and 1916 for their terms of peace and they would not discuss anything excepting a peace based upon the *status quo*. This was manifestly impossible for the reason that Germany occupied nearly all of Belgium, a large part of France and Russia. If peace had been made upon those terms it would have been a victorious peace for Germany and, in my opinion, would have led us into ultimate conflict with her. It would have made her the dominant power in the world, and would have taxed us to the limit to meet any infringement of the Monroe Doctrine which almost surely would have followed her assumption of world power.

Failing with Germany, we turned to the Allies, and naturally had to discuss terms more favorable to them than we would have insisted upon had Germany met our wishes for a peace based on the *status quo ante*.

Sincerely yours,



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Corned beef and cabbage (or some other food you like) may disagree with you, causing a distressing, gassy feeling, sour stomach or indigestion. For almost immediate relief, eat two or three Tums—often one Tum is enough. Delicious, sweetens the breath. Get a handy roll today at any drug store—only 10 cents.

TUMS ARE ANTACID—Not a Laxative
For a laxative, use the safe, dependable Vegetable Laxative NR (Nature's Remedy). Only 25c NR

[DID PRESIDENT WILSON PLEDGE US TO WAR BEFORE HE WAS RE-ELECTED?]
Continued from page sixty-one

They did not realize that it was rooted deeply in Wilson's Scotch-Presbyterian conscience. The sophisticated statesmen in the German Foreign Office knew that Wilson was reluctant to countenance an English defeat, but they did not know, as Bernstorff did, that he valued peace more than the success of the Allies. Wilson's Messianic complex outshouted the voice of his English blood. He was more interested in saving the world than in saving Great Britain!

But he loved England enough to make the United States in fact, if not in law, a secret ally of the Entente before the election of 1916. Agreements of this type nullify the treaty-making powers of the Senate and the war-making powers of Congress. Woodrow Wilson's gentleman's agreement with the Allies, and similar undertakings by other Presidents, reveal an unsuspected breach in the wall of the Constitution. We are justified in asking with alarm if there is no constitutional remedy against such circumventions of the safeguards upon which rests the government of the United States. Who can say that history will not repeat itself? What was possible in 1916 is possible again, today or tomorrow. Who knows what gentleman's agreement may be in existence today which we or our children will be called upon to seal with our blood?

A complete, revealing account of Colonel House's interview with the Kaiser which "almost prevented the World War" will be given by Mr. Viereck in next week's installment of this series.

MANY a day at work has been lost by people who permit themselves to suffer with muscular aches and pains. And, in times like these, who can afford to miss a single day?

Don't let aching muscles lay you up; it's so easy to get relief. At the first sign of soreness, take Absorbine Jr. and rub, massage it on the paining parts. Almost instantly, you will notice a glowing warmth of increased circulation—a peaceful relaxation of tired, cramped muscles—a wonderful easing of pain.

This is because Absorbine Jr. is a safe "rubefacient." Doctors will tell you that it helps to stir up sluggish circulation and thereby relieves the sore congestion in muscles. Since Absorbine Jr. will not blister, it can be used with massage and therefore brings *double-acting* relief from muscular aches and pains.

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ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions

Used by Thousands for "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Detectograms

By H. A. RIPLEY

PROFESSOR STIGGINS is head of the Department of Criminology at a famous university. As assistant to the police in particularly puzzling cases, he has earned a reputation as a master of deduction and "alibi buster." These little problems—of which this is the first—taken from his case book, contain every clue necessary for solution, and there is only one possible answer.

No. I.—So This Is London!

"THE foggiest morning in London's history! That is a favorite phrase of English detective fiction writers." Professor Stiggins was talking to his class in criminology.

"Well, I actually encountered such a fog on my first visit to his Britannic Majesty's capital. I had an appointment on the Strand, and as vehicular transportation was out of the question I set out on foot. The fog was actually so thick one could hardly see two feet. Soon I was hopelessly lost.

"I stumbled and wandered about for half an hour or so. The fog was as thick as ever. Just as I got to the middle of a block, I heard a shot fired. Walking in the direction from which the sound seemed to come, I soon found myself at a corner where a crowd was huddled about a prostrate figure.

"A bobby was soon on the job (great chaps, those London police), and I was about to go on my way when I heard someone shout, 'There he goes!'

"As a figure dashed ahead, not a foot from me, I tripped him, and after a struggle the constable slipped the cuffs on.

"I'm afraid I'll have to consider you embryo detectives quite hopeless if you can't quickly tell me what is the one thing quite wrong with my little story."

The solution will be found on page 76

LIBERTY PRESENTS THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY TO UNKNOWN WRITERS THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN

WRITERS!

If you have talent and earnestly desire to make a name for yourself in literature Liberty offers you your chance in its new

$5,000

"FIRST STORY" OFFER

BETWEEN now and May 12 Liberty will make it possible for no less than fourteen novice writers to crash the gates of fame and fortune by offering to buy fourteen stories by writers who have not yet "arrived" in the larger sense of the word. For this purpose Liberty has set aside a fund of $5,000 which it will spend in sums ranging from $1,000 down to $250 for these manuscripts.

If you are earnest in your ambition—if you believe you have talent but have not yet succeeded in selling a story to a national periodical—then you will welcome this opportunity to make your first sale of a story at a price greater than many successful writers ever succeeded in commanding.

Never before was there such a demand for good fiction, never did writing offer such recompense in late years. Never were so many people making an excellent living from writing—many of them becoming wealthy—as right now.

It is hard to make a beginning, hard to get a foothold—but once a successful beginning has been made, once a story or two has been accepted by a national periodical of high standing, so that your name is known, the worst is over and the way is clear for you to go ahead as far and as fast as your talent and your capacity will permit.

This is the opportunity that Liberty is offering to you. But please bear this in mind. Liberty will not pay one cent for a story that does not in every way come up to the high standard it sets for every word that appears between its covers. To do otherwise would be unfair to its tremendous public following. Liberty is not bidding for mediocre stories. What it is doing is letting down the bars of prejudice against unknown writers.

Instead of penalizing you because you are unknown, Liberty is putting a premium upon the fact that you are unknown.

The fact that you may have sold stories to your high-school or college magazine or to a local newspaper that does not syndicate its material does not bar you from this big "First Story" offer. You are disqualified only if you have sold one or more stories to a nationally circulated periodical of any kind.

If, then, you have manuscripts on hand that you honestly feel are worthy of appearing in Liberty, send them in as directed in the instructions on this page and they will receive immediate and special consideration by our reading staff. If you have the plot of a story in mind that you believe is up to the Liberty standard, write it and send it in before this offer expires and it may perhaps prove your starting point to fame and fortune.

Let us reiterate, however, that to be purchased under this offer your story must be of sufficient excellence to warrant its being published in Liberty. But send us in the right kind of story and it will be received with open arms, it will be bought at a price in proportion to its value to us, over two million people will read it, and the gateway to success will swing open before your eyes!

Under this offer the editors of Liberty will read stories for literary quality, power to hold reader interest, and availability for publication in Liberty, and upon this basis will decide whether or not to purchase stories submitted.

Liberty takes pleasure in making available this unprecedented offer to unknown writers. By all means take advantage of it. Send in your finished manuscripts at once and get busy on any others you may wish to submit. There is no limit to the number you can offer.

INSTRUCTIONS

You may submit as many manuscripts as you wish.

Clearly typed manuscripts, double spaced, are preferred, but manuscripts in pen and ink will be considered. Do not use thin tissue or onionskin paper. Printed material, poetry, penciled manuscripts, stories of less than 2,500 words, stories in a foreign language or submitted in parts will be rejected upon receipt.

At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number each page.

Print your name and address on the upper right-hand corner of first page and upon the envelope. Sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at the foot of the last page of your manuscript.

Address all manuscripts to LIBERTY "FIRST STORY" EDITOR, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Send by first-class mail, flat. Do not roll.

No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts as soon as rejected if accompanied by proper postage when submitted, but Liberty does not hold itself responsible for such returns. Keep a copy of your manuscript.

This offer expires at the close of business Thursday, May 12, 1932.

HERE IS YOUR CHANCE TO SELL YOUR FIRST STORY AND WIN EDITORIAL RECOGNITION!

The Shackled Cinderella

Methods of a Trickster—The Battle of Wits, with a Life at Stake—Suspicions of Foul Play—A Blunderer Dies Like a Man

By

EDWARD DOHERTY

Pictures by ROBERT A. CAMERON

(Reading time: 31 minutes 40 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Natalie Cahill, still in her teens, and accused of murder. Old Mike Cahill, multimillionaire, had taken her from the streets and married her. The night of the wedding Mike's dead body was found lying near Natalie's bed. She said she had heard him cry out, "My own son!" But his son, they told her, was dead. Bob Shannon, who was to defend her, learned to love her. Paddy Cahill, Mike's brother, was set on her conviction.

PART SIX—LAWYER AGAINST LAWYER

IT was a Monday morning when Natalie Cahill went to trial for the murder of her husband, and Monday morning is the time for the making of motions: motions for new trials, for dismissals, for a "nolle-pros," for suspended sentences. The clerk of the court called a number of these cases before he cried out: "People against Natalie Cahill," and John Quincy Adams Wheatley made the most of his opportunity.

The cases were those of men and women charged with various major crimes, unimportant people, persons whose conviction could give the district attorney no particular glory. Therefore he said that, in this case, the evidence was weak and he had some doubt of the defendant's guilt, and asked that the case be dismissed. He would rather have a hundred men escape just punishment than send one innocent man to jail. And, in that case, he believed the court should temper justice with mercy. She was a poor woman, she had been in desperate want. The money she had stolen had been paid back. There was no desire to prosecute. Let her go and sin no more.

Before Wheatley had disposed of the half dozen minor cases he had made himself appear to the prospective jurors a kindly, conscientious, and merciful man, an apostle of humanity. When he should denounce Natalie Cahill as a wicked woman and a murderess and demand her life as the penalty of her heinous crime, the jury would know he was merely doing his duty. They would understand some cases deserved no mercy. They would vote for conviction—or so he believed.

"I am not frightened now," Natalie whispered to Shannon. "I didn't know Mr. Wheatley was so considerate. Surely—"

"Wait," said Shannon. "Don't build any false hopes, darling. That man is just advertising himself now. He'll have no pity on you. Brace yourself."

"HE took part in the historic fight. He has told the story—the surprise of the enemy when they saw the poor Irish turn out to be wild Irish, with rocks and clubs."

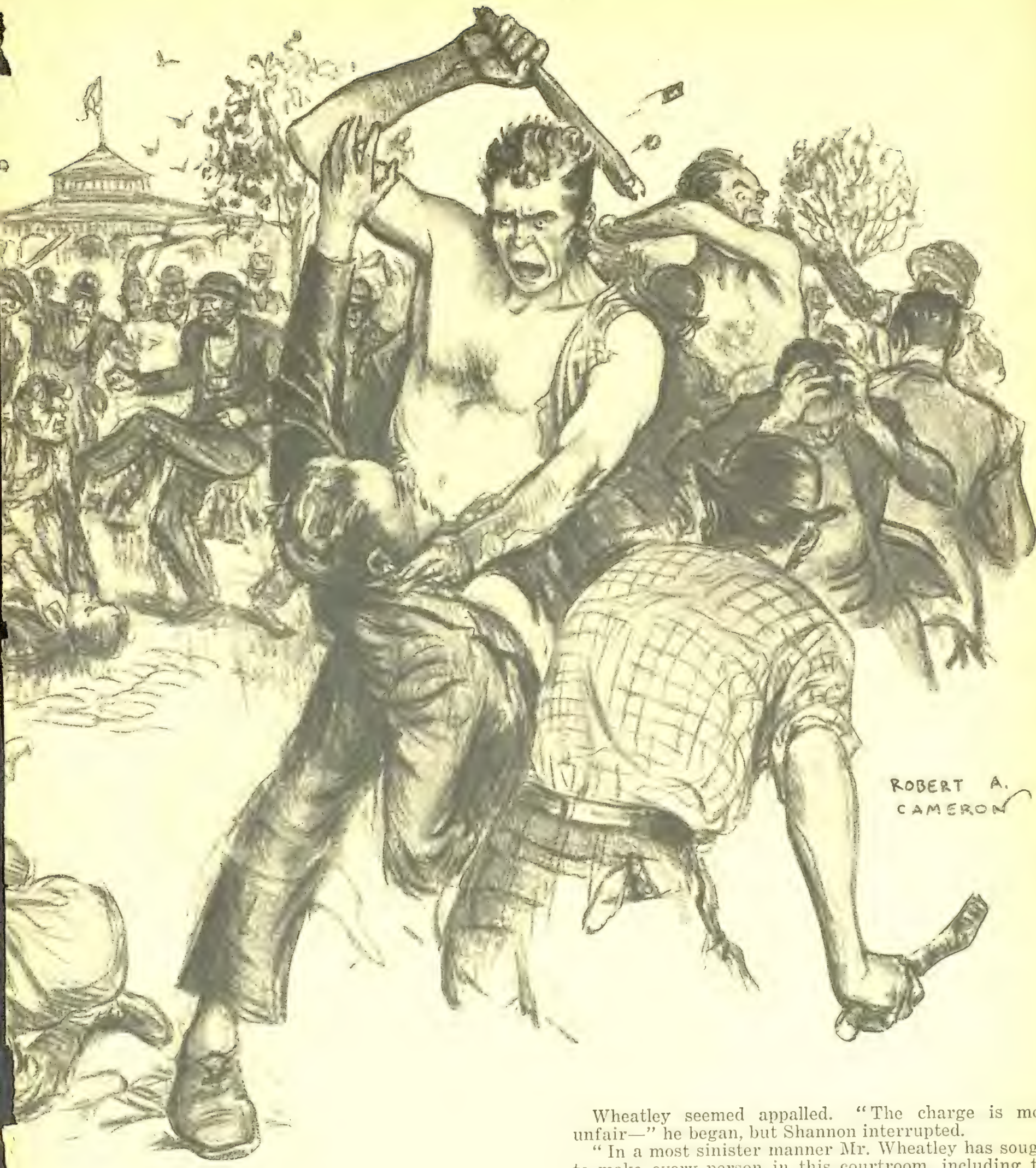
Natalie smiled, and sighed.

"I might have known," she said. "I was too happy this morning. I never have been so happy in my life. God will punish me—to keep the balance."

Elmer Goss saw through the prosecutor, and scribbled a note to Shannon; but because he did not dare leave his seat, and because he reflected that Shannon must know what Wheatley was doing, he stuck the note in his pocket.

Paddy Cahill, sitting in the back of the room, smiled at Geoffrey Lynch, and winked his left eye.

"Some of your dirty work," Lynch said. "Wheatley



hasn't the brains to think of that stunt. I hope you go to hell before she does."

When Natalie's case was called Wheatley said brusquely:

"The state is ready."

He glared at Natalie and then at Shannon.

"The defense is ready, your honor," Shannon said. "But before any juror is drawn I ask that the entire venire be dismissed, on the ground that the district attorney has sought to prejudice the prospective jurors in his favor."

Wheatley seemed appalled. "The charge is most unfair—" he began, but Shannon interrupted.

"In a most sinister manner Mr. Wheatley has sought to make every person in this courtroom, including the men who will be drawn for jury duty, believe that he is the most righteous of human beings. With the methods of a common trickster, he has sought—"

"Motion denied," Judge Kishniff said calmly. "Proceed with the trial."

"EXCEPTION," Shannon said.

The court clerk called out names. Men in various parts of the room responded, "Here," or "Present," stood up, grabbing hats and overcoats, marched to the jury box, and sat down, to stare solemnly and woodenly straight ahead.

"I've seen more intelligent faces on clocks," Shannon whispered to his client.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE SHACKLED CINDERELLA
Continued from page sixty-five]

It had been agreed between counsel that the state was to examine the entire panel and, when satisfied, turn them over to the defense for questioning.

Much time passed before Wheatley was satisfied. The box had been filled and refilled several times. Some talesmen had been challenged for cause. Some had been peremptorily dismissed. When Wheatley had done with them there were twelve more or less intelligent men waiting Shannon's pleasure. Most of them were young. A few seemed to have imagination.

"What do you think of them?" Shannon asked.

"I like them," Natalie said.

Shannon asked but the one question: "Do you know Patrick Cahill?" and accepted the panel—to Wheatley's acute surprise and distress. It was plain he didn't like his opponent's easy, even contemptuous and slighting, recognition of the merits of these twelve men he had worked so hard to pick for himself. It was evident he believed he had somehow blundered and that Shannon was taking advantage of his blunder.

He gazed hard at each of them as they were sworn in, and then conferred with his assistants, took an ivory bookmark from one of his law books, held it in his right hand, and stood before the jury. He remained a moment silent, his head bowed as though in prayer.

"Gentlemen," he began, "this is a simple case. It will take but a few hours to present. The issue is clear-cut. The evidence is strong. And the law is plain. You are the sole judges of the evidence. His honor will instruct you as to the law.

"On the morning of April twenty-fifth, this year, Michael Cahill, known as Ebb-Tide Mike, found the defendant, then Natalie Smith, walking in South Street, a disreputable thoroughfare in this city. He took her to his home and married her. He was seventy-nine years old. The defendant was eighteen.

"Before the marriage was solemnized, Mr. Cahill bought for the defendant a diamond necklace, for which he paid a quarter of a million dollars, and a pair of ruby earrings that cost him something over one hundred thousand dollars. He also bought her a trousseau and presented her with a check book that showed he'd put one hundred thousand dollars to her credit.

"In addition to this, gentlemen, Mr. Cahill made a will in which he left the defendant his entire estate. And that estate—real and personal property, houses, lands, yachts, horses, blooded stock, barns, cash, masterpieces of art—paintings, sculptures, tapestries, antiques of all kinds—jewels, stocks, mortgages, bonds, everything of which he died possessed—is worth more than one hundred millions of dollars. One hundred millions of dollars!"

The prosecutor's voice was low, filled with awe.

"SHORTLY after midnight, on the morning of April twenty-sixth, less than twelve hours after Ebb-Tide Mike had willed to this strange woman everything he possessed, he was found dead in her room, murdered.

"He had been shot. He lay on the floor. His own revolver was by his side. His wife was in bed when the police arrived. Either she was asleep, or she feigned sleep. The detective who aroused or awakened her found ropes about her ankles and her wrists. They were loosely tied. When they were removed it was seen they had left no marks.

"Subsequently, we shall prove, the defendant declared that a burglar, or burglars, had entered the room and had stolen her diamond necklace and her ruby earrings. We shall prove that before she left the room the jewelry was discovered. It was found under her mattress. We shall also prove that when questioned, the defendant said the burglar was none other than Ebb-Tide Cahill's son, Michael, Junior. And we shall prove that Michael Cahill, Junior, has been dead nearly six years.

"We shall prove to you, gentlemen of the jury, that the defendant's fingerprint was found on the revolver that killed her husband, and that there had been no struggle of any kind before the gun was fired. Gentlemen, Ebb-Tide Mike was, above all things, a fighter. He and his brother Patrick were born in Ireland. They came to this country when they were children. Michael was eleven years old, and Pat was an infant in arms.

"In those days immigrants landed at Castle Garden, New York, and there were few Irish in New York, but many so-called A. P. A.s, who hated the Irish race.

"Every time a shipload of Irish immigrants landed at Castle Garden these A. P. A.s, having foreknowledge, gathered there. And at the opportune moment they set upon these poor, bewildered people with sticks and stones and beat them shamefully.

"As time went on, however, the Irish in New York grew in numbers and in power. Finally they were numerous enough, they thought, to combat the A. P. A.s.

"One of them went to Ireland, to come back with the next immigrant ship. And when that ship reached Sandy Hook he released some homing pigeons. There was no cable in those days, my friends, no radio, no transoceanic telephone, nothing of the kind. It took months for vessels to cross the ocean.

"THE pigeons bore messages to the Irish in New York, and when the immigrants came the next morning to Castle Garden, the New York Irish were there to protect them.

"Ebb-Tide Mike was on that ship, gentlemen, and he took part in the historic fight which broke forever the power of the A. P. A.s in New York. He has told the story thousands of times, perhaps, in his life—the surprise of the enemy when they saw the poor Irish turn out to be wild Irish, with rocks of their own, and clubs, and brass knuckles, and sling shots.

"'We chased most of them,' Michael Cahill used to say, 'but not all of them. Some of them stayed there, you see, until the ebb tide carried them out.'

"It was that story, gentlemen of the jury, that gave Michael Cahill his name. After the battle the victorious New York Irish marched to the City Hall with the immigrants, and before the immigrants had left that building every man jack of them had papers to show he was an American citizen and a good Democrat."

Mr. Wheatley smiled at the jurors, and went on.

"Of course that was nearly seventy years ago, gentlemen, and things are far different in this enlightened day. I merely cite the instance to give you a picture of the deceased.

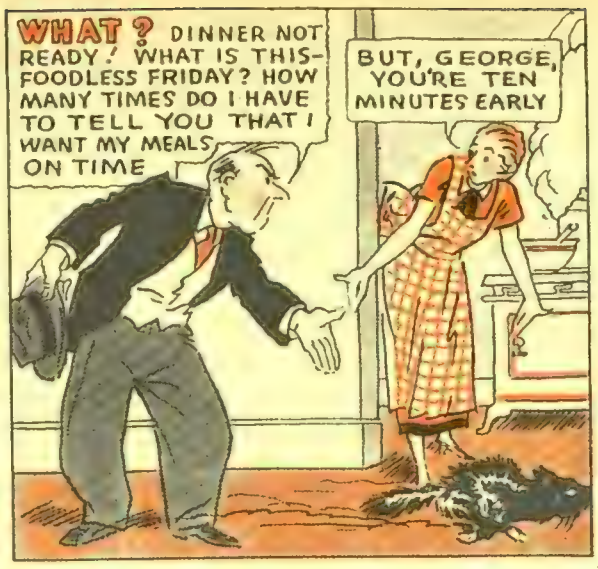
"Gentlemen, Michael Cahill came to this city after his father died, bringing his brother. He worked hard. He got into politics. He made money. He saved it. He invested it. His fortune grew. He married a great heiress. He built a mansion. He became the father of a son. His wife died and left him several millions of dollars. Michael Cahill became the richest man in the state, one of the richest men in the world, but he had no enjoyment from his money. He was proud of his son, but the boy turned out bad. He went to jail, and was killed in an automobile wreck while making his escape. Michael Cahill loved only one thing in the world after his wife died and his son went wrong. That was a fight. Gentlemen, that man, even in his last days, would rather fight than eat. He fought with his hands when he could. There was no man too big for him to attack, no man too tough, no man too powerful. But, gentlemen, in all his life Ebb-Tide Mike never laid violent hands on a woman.

"We shall prove that he died without trying to save himself, without striking a blow in his own defense. We shall show that he was killed by a woman, and that woman the one he married, the strange woman he met upon a dubious street, the strange woman whose feet go down to death; whose steps take hold on hell."

Wheatley shook the ivory bookmark at the jurors.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SIXTY-EIGHT]

GEORGE GROUCH


WHAT? DINNER NOT READY! WHAT IS THIS- FOODLESS FRIDAY? HOW MANY TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU THAT I WANT MY MEALS ON TIME
BUT, GEORGE, YOU'RE TEN MINUTES EARLY

GEORGE, YOUR NERVES ARE IN A TERRIBLE STATE. YOU ROAR LIKE A WOUNDED LION. IF YOU DON'T GO TO A DOCTOR I'VE A GOOD MIND TO GO TO RENO
GO AHEAD! SEE IF I CARE. BUT I WON'T GO TO A DOCTOR. DO YOU HEAR ME, MADAM? I WON'T GO TO A DOCTOR

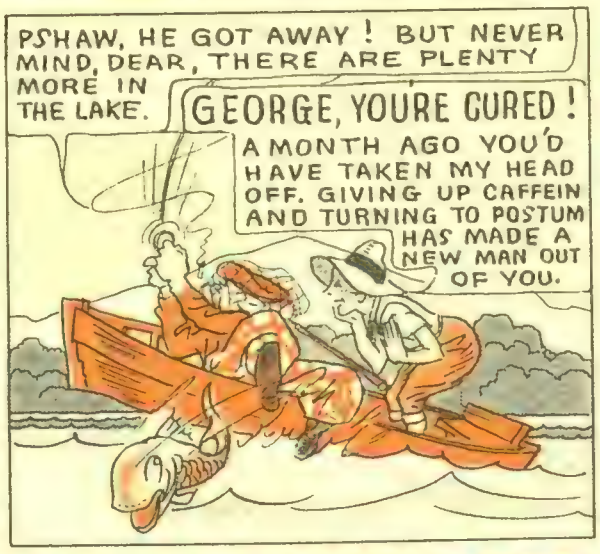
YOU SAY MR. GROUCH DRINKS FOUR OR FIVE CUPS A DAY? THAT'S BAD- VERY BAD- IT MUST STOP AT ONCE
I KNOW, DOCTOR, BUT I CAN'T GET HIM TO STOP

CERTAINLY YOU CAN GET HIM TO GIVE IT UP. TAKE HIM OFF TO THE WOODS. TAKE HIM WHERE HE CAN'T GET IT.
THAT'S A WONDERFUL IDEA, DOCTOR! I'LL MAKE HIM GO IF I HAVE TO LEAD HIM BY THE NOSE

I HOPE YOU ARE SATISFIED! LOOK AT THIS PLACE! NOTHING BUT MOUNTAINS, LAKES AND BUGS
STOP FUSSING AND GET MORE FIREWOOD. DINNER WILL BE READY IN A MINUTE

HERE— WHAT'S THIS? DON'T PULL ANY MONKEYSHINES ON ME I WANT MY REGULAR DRINK!
ALL RIGHT DANIEL BOONE IF YOU WANT IT, PADDLE TEN MILES AND GET IT.

GEORGE, I'M SO SORRY I FORGOT THE BAIT!
STOP WORRYING ABOUT IT, HONEY, MAYBE THEY'LL BITE ON THIS FLY GET THE NET READY I'VE HOOKED A BIG ONE!


PSHAW, HE GOT AWAY! BUT NEVER MIND, DEAR, THERE ARE PLENTY MORE IN THE LAKE.
GEORGE, YOURE CURED! A MONTH AGO YOU'D HAVE TAKEN MY HEAD OFF. GIVING UP CAFFEIN AND TURNING TO POSTUM HAS MADE A NEW MAN OUT OF YOU.

HOW OFTEN "NERVES" AND "GROUCHINESS" ARE DUE TO CAFFEIN! DON'T DECEIVE YOURSELF! CAFFEIN MAY BE HARMING YOUR NERVES RIGHT NOW. IT MAY BE KEEPING YOU FROM SOUND SLEEP. DON'T LET IT! MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST. GIVE UP CAFFEIN AND DRINK POSTUM INSTEAD FOR THIRTY DAYS. AT THE END OF THAT TIME YOU'LL WANT TO STICK TO POSTUM THE REST OF YOUR LIFE. POSTUM CONTAINS NO CAFFEIN.

L. 3-32
GENERAL FOODS,
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of
INSTANT POSTUM. (prepared instantly in the cup) ☐
POSTUM CEREAL . . . (prepared by boiling) ☐
Check which you prefer

Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____
FILL IN COMPLETELY— PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS
In Canada, address General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ont.

FIDO GETS A SURPRISE — BOBBY GETS A TREAT

SHE'S HEATED IT- SHE'S PUTTING A TEASPOONFUL OF GOLDEN POWDER INTO A CUP SHE'S FILLING THE CUP WITH MILK- SHE'S STIRRING IT. HOW GOOD IT LOOKS!

YES INSTANT POSTUM MADE WITH HOT-MILK IS A DRINK CHILDREN LOVE. WANT A SAMPLE OF INSTANT POSTUM? THIS → COUPON WILL BRING IT TO YOU . . . . .

© 1932. G. F. CORP.

"GENTLEMEN, we shall prove that Ebb-Tide Mike saw the evil woman in South Street. He took her into his home, and was shot to death by her."

[THE SHACKLED CINDERELLA
Continued from page sixty-six]

"Gentlemen, thousands of years ago Almighty God poured His wisdom into the mind of Solomon, the son of David, a king of Israel; and Solomon in his Proverbs transmitted this wisdom to his people.

"'My son,' he said, 'attend unto my wisdom, and bow thine ear to my understanding: That thou mayest preserve discretion, and that thy lips may keep knowledge. For the lips of a strange woman drop honey, and her mouth is smoother than oil: But in the end she is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword. Her feet go down to death; her steps take hold on hell.

"'FOR the commandment is a lamp; and the law is light; To keep thee from the evil woman. Lust not after her beauty in thine heart; neither let her take thee with her eyelids. For on account of a harlot a man is brought to a piece of bread: and the adulteress hunteth for the precious life.'"

Shannon, looking out of the corners of his eyes, could see that Mrs. Smith was weeping, and that Natalie was calm, though a spot of color showed upon each cheek.

"'Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned?'" Wheatley shouted.

"Gentlemen, we shall prove that Ebb-Tide Mike saw the evil woman walking in South Street, that she took him with her eyelids—the adulteress who hunteth for the precious life, the woman whose feet go down to death, whose steps take hold on hell. He took her into his home, and was shot to death by her—murdered in cold blood!" He snapped the ivory bookmark in two and threw the pieces on the floor.

"We shall prove her guilty of murder beyond any reasonable doubt, and we shall ask you, gentlemen of the jury, to do your duty as citizens of this great state, and put her to death in the electric chair."

He bowed stiffly and took his seat. Judge Kishniff looked at Shannon, and the latter nodded.

"I will make my opening statement at this time," he said, "rather than at the beginning of the defense."

He walked to the jury box, picked up the two ivory pieces of the broken bookmark, and gazed on them for a moment. "Gentlemen," he said, nodding his head to Juror No. 8, one Fred Hastings, a shoe clerk, married, thirty-nine, and the father of four children, "Mr. Wheatley quoted the words of Solomon to you, but he didn't tell you that this king, with the wisdom of Almighty God in his mind, let himself be taken by the eyelids of a thousand strange women. Perhaps he forgot that.

"Before this case was called for trial you heard Mr. Wheatley say he would rather that a hundred guilty men escaped the law than that a single innocent person go to jail. You heard him say he believed in tempering justice with mercy. You heard him say he was ready to proceed with this case, and you heard him begin by calling the defendant bitter names, without first adducing any proof to back him up. There was no mercy there!"

"Oh, I object to that," Wheatley said, rising pompously. "If the court please—"

"OVERRULED," said the court. "Your own opening statement was more like a closing argument. You opened the door to Mr. Shannon."

Shannon wondered if it were possible the Hon. Judge Kishniff, the creature of Paddy Cahill, could actually be honest and impartial. He wondered if the court hadn't made up his mind to favor Shannon whenever he could, so the jury would get the impression he was leaning forward in his endeavor to be just, so the higher courts could not say he was prejudiced, so that the defense would have no slightest chance for appeal.

Shannon smiled knowingly at Juror No. 8.

"You heard Mr. Wheatley call her a cold-blooded mur-

deress, an adulteress, a harlot, a strange woman, an evil woman. You saw him express his indignation—and his righteousness—by snapping this little ivory bookmark in two and hurling the pieces to the floor.

"Mr. Wheatley is a righteous man. A very righteous man. He reads and quotes from both the King James and the Gideon versions of the Bible. He is, one might say, ambiversional.

"Mr. Wheatley is also learned in the law, experienced in many murder trials. I am rather ignorant about the Bible, and not so learned in the law. I am a lawyer of little actual experience, but you must bear with me, and overlook any gaucherie or inexperience or ignorance of mine, so that my client's life be not imperiled by her attorney's shortcomings.

"I am not so righteous as Mr. Wheatley, yet perhaps I am more human. I do not regard my client as an evil woman. She is, to me, only a girl who was unfortunate in love and in marriage. She isn't yet out of her teens. But she has borne a child, and she is on trial for murder! Natalie Smith is a typical American girl. She was born and reared in a small town. She was carefully and lovingly reared by respectable parents—not wealthy parents, not poor—people like you and me.

"SHE fell in love with an American boy, a young man of ideals, high ambitions. Love made them one, a perfect thing—as perfect as this ivory bookmark was before the righteous prosecutor snapped it in two. Her love, and his love, was greater, deeper, more driving than wisdom. It was a love that didn't wait for the sanction of marriage, the joyous clangor of wedding bells, the crying mother and the beaming father, the happy friends throwing rice and old shoes.

"If these two children read King Solomon, they read his Song of Songs—his words of love, not his passages of wisdom. It was unwise. But was it ugly? Who am I to say? Who am I to know the dreams, the hopes, the needs, and longings of this boy and girl? Who am I to say they sinned in that they loved too much?

"Mr. Wheatley quoted Solomon from two Bibles. But he neglected to mention a Descendant of that same Israelitish king—the Son of God who said of a woman Solomon would have condemned, 'Much is forgiven her because she loved much.'

"An evil woman? I shall prove to you that the girl Ebb-Tide Mike Cahill married was a wretched creature whose baby had died a few hours after she gave him birth; a girl in a thin, soiled dress; a girl with holes in the soles of her shoes; a girl whose skin was white from hunger and exposure; a girl still chilled with the cold of nights spent in the park, or in doorways, or in a parked automobile; a girl without a home, without a friend, without a refuge; a girl without a dollar; a girl who had run away from her home because of a lovers'

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"Yes, my dear, I had some gray hairs myself . . . once"

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☐ BLACK ☐ DARK BROWN ☐ MEDIUM BROWN ☐ LIGHT BROWN
☐ DARK RED ☐ LIGHT RED ☐ BLONDE

[THE SHACKLED CINDERELLA
Continued from page sixty-nine]

quarrel, a misunderstanding, hurt pride, hurt love. Perhaps Ebb-Tide Mike did think her a harlot. But he married her. We shall prove that he did not pick her up; that he had to force her to go with him.

"I went to Ebb-Tide's funeral, gentlemen. I heard the priest say many things about him. But there is one thing he should have said that he did not. 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my little ones, ye have done it unto me.' That's what he should have said.

"Ebb-Tide Mike took this poor, cold, hungry, mentally tortured girl into his home, fed her, clothed her, gave her his name, gave her his all. And yet—in one little moment, in a moment of forgetfulness, in a moment of anger at his relatives, in a moment when he was not his usual chivalrous self—he crucified this woman he had helped. Gentlemen, Michael Cahill knew that his days were few, and he began to worry about his fortune. We shall prove that he did not want his brother or his brother's family to have a penny of it, and made a vow that he would give it to a harlot.

"We shall prove the defendant consented to be Cahill's bride, not alone because he was wealthy, but also because she believed he liked her. We shall prove she knew nothing of his vow, learned of it only when she heard him say, in the presence of a number of men, an hour or two after she was his wife, that he had sworn he would marry the first harlot he saw on the street—and that he had done so. We shall prove that when she heard this statement from her husband's lips Mrs. Cahill was speechless with anger and dismay. She was branded. Any woman would have been by that statement.

"Tonight"—he poured the liquid into glasses—"is a special occasion."

"BUT Mrs. Cahill is not on trial here for immorality. She is on trial for murder. Why does Mr. Wheatley try to make you believe her immoral? So you will the more readily believe her guilty of murder.

"We believe there are but two kinds of women, we men—good women and bad women. We believe, most of us, at least, that a good woman can do no evil. We also believe there is no evil a bad woman will not commit. If Mr. Wheatley can make you look on this girl as a harlot, he may make you think her a murderess.

"The circumstances against her are peculiarly damning. The circumstances for her are, if not unconvincing, vague and intangible. The state has built up a strong circumstantial-evidence case against her. By it Mr. Wheatley hopes to part forever this girl and the boy who still loves her and hopes to marry her. By it he means to snap their love in two, as he snapped this bookmark. And one of the pieces of that perfect whole that is this unfortunate couple, he means—not to throw away as useless—but to put into the electric chair and burn.

"I have little evidence to show Mrs. Cahill did not murder Ebb-Tide Mike. But I do not have to prove her innocent. The state, through the righteous Mr. Wheatley, must prove her guilty beyond all reasonable doubt. If I can raise in your minds a reasonable doubt that she killed her husband, you must, in law and in justice, set her free. His honor will so instruct you."

He nodded again to Juror No. 8 and took his seat.

"You were wonderful," Natalie whispered. "I adore you."

"I think I've got Juror Number Eight in my pocket," he replied. "Did you see Matt Whelan?"

II

ALL during the afternoon, while the state examined its routine witnesses, and the defense cross-examined one or two, Shannon wondered what had happened to Matt Whelan. Matt hadn't visited Leonie Bear. He hadn't come to the courtroom at recess. He hadn't called Shannon's office. He hadn't sent any messages. His landlady said he had left his room early in the morning. She had not heard from him.

He tried to convince himself that Whelan had found a new clue, and was working on it. But he couldn't believe that. Whelan had never done anything without first consulting Shannon; had never before failed to report. The thought that Whelan had met with an accident persisted, and somehow Shannon could not help but feel that Paddy Cahill knew all about that accident.

When court adjourned for the day he felt beaten, hopeless. He sat staring at Natalie until the door closed upon her and upon the matron who followed her.

The state had proved that it would have been impossible for Ebb-Tide Mike to have killed himself. They had proved, legally, and to all intents and purposes thoroughly and beyond a doubt, that Mike Cahill, Jr., was dead. They had brought out clearly all the damning circumstances that pointed to Natalie's guilt.

The day had ended with Inspector Sichel on the stand. He had told how, after hearing Natalie's statement that the burglar must have stolen her jewels, he had located them under the mattress on which she had been, apparently, asleep. Shannon had made voluminous notes during the afternoon. He glanced at them now as he waited for news of Whelan. All afternoon he had looked toward the doors, hoping to see a red-striped vest. All afternoon he had felt he might never see that vest again.

It was growing dark outside. The crowds had gone.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith had gone. They must be now sitting in the lobby of the Farring House, waiting for the jurors to pass them. She would be crying. She would appear not to see the twelve men and old Tim Tommaney, the deputy sheriff who led and guarded them.

He gathered up his papers and shoved them into his briefcase. He strode toward a window that looked upon the women's wing of the jail, and stared for a long time, as last night he had stared at the lights and the stars.

Elmer Goss was waiting for him on the stone steps.

"Have dinner with me," he begged. "There's something I want to ask you—something special."

Shannon smiled at the boy. "Sure," he said. "But do you mind coming to my office first? I'm worried about Matt Whelan. There may be some news of him. He may be there himself—I hope he is. But I doubt it."

They rode in silence.

Miss Prindiville was waiting, her hat on. Her coat, neatly folded, lay across her lap.

"Seen Whelan?"

"No, Mr. Shannon."

"Heard from him?"

"Not a word."

Shannon frowned. He walked to the window. He looked at his wrist watch.

"Do you mind waiting here until I return from dinner?" he asked finally. "If you hear from him, send him at once to the St. Jacques. And meantime call up every one of his men and ask them to look for him."

"OF course, Mr. Shannon." Miss Prindiville took off her hat, hung up her coat, took her sleeve protectors from the top drawer of her desk, on the right, adjusted them, and reached for the telephone.

"I shall have some dinner sent in to you," said Shannon. "Anything you'd like?"

"Anything will do. But no meat. I am on a diet."

"Fish?"

"That will be dandy."

The two men did not speak until they had reached Goss' room and Goss had taken a quart bottle of champagne cocktails from its hiding place.

"Mr. Shannon," Goss said then, "I've never taken a drink in my life—but I've always promised myself that before I died I would taste champagne cocktails. Tonight"—he poured the liquid into glasses—"is a special occasion."

Shannon drank as though the stuff were water.

"I'm frightened, Goss," he said.

Goss smiled. "You should not be," he said. "You will free her."

Shannon looked at him quickly, wondered at his smile. There was mystery in it, a spiritual quality.

"You love her, don't you?" Goss asked.

"I do," Shannon said. "How did you know?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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SANITARY NAPKINS

[THE SHACKLED CINDERELLA
Continued from page seventy-one]

"I didn't know until today, when I watched you fighting for her, talking about her, talking about us, the perfect whole, the piece of ivory destroyed by a snap of the fingers. I saw the way you looked at her when she went out of the court. And I saw the way she looked at you." Gravely he poured another drink.

Gravely the two men stood and clinked their glasses.

"To her happiness," Goss said.

They went to dinner. They ate in silence, each thinking his own thoughts. They ate without relish, without appetite.

Goss ordered cigars for himself and his guest. "And now," he said, "we'll have some brandy in my room with our coffee, if you don't mind—the last time I shall ever drink."

In silence they went upstairs.

What sort of man was this Elmer Goss, Shannon wondered. When he had first heard of him he regarded the fellow as a cheap and unfeeling small-town seducer. Later he had come to think of him as just a weak boob. Later still, Elmer had become to him a rather fine young man, weak, but not altogether to blame, slightly ridiculous but likable. There was nothing ridiculous about him now. Shannon could see why Natalie had loved him so.

While Elmer busied himself with the brandy, a waiter arrived with a tray on which was a pot of coffee, a pitcher of cream, a bowl of sugar, a pair of spoons, and two cups and saucers; and Shannon sat in the red-leather chair under the reading lamp and called his office: "No news, Miss Prindiville?"

"No, Mr. Shannon."

"I'm in Mr. Goss' room."

"I'll call you, Mr. Shannon."

Shannon put the telephone to one side.

"Something's happened to Whelan," he said. "I'd give anything to know what it is."

Goss smiled that mysterious smile again and proffered a tiny glass filled with honey-colored brandy. He filled Shannon's cup with coffee. He sat down and sipped his liqueur. "It tastes exactly as I thought it would taste," he said.

"Matt Whelan—"

"Mr. Shannon, if somebody made you a written confession," Goss asked, "stating that he had killed Ebb-Tide Cahill, that would free Nat, wouldn't it?"

"If it were true, yes. But that's a far-fetched possibility."

"SUPPOSE this man said he had come to the house in the afternoon—for any one of a dozen good reasons—and that Cahill himself had admitted him. Suppose this man then said he had hidden himself in the house, and waited for Ebb-Tide Mike to come upstairs. Suppose he said then that he took the gun away from Cahill, killed him, hid Nat's jewels, tied that rope about her wrists and her ankles, put her fingerprint on the gun—and hid in the house until it was safe for him to leave, the following day, with the mourners who came to the wake. That would be entirely possible, wouldn't it?"

"Of course it would. I believe that's almost exactly what Mike, Junior, did. I don't believe young Mike is dead. I think his uncle bribed that dentist, Linklater, to identify a body as that of Ebb-Tide's son. I think Paddy knows where the boy is now. I think the boy killed his father for disinheriting him—and that sooner or later—"

"And if you could secure a written confession from him—or—or someone else you do not now suspect—that would, of course, free Natalie at once?"

"If we could prove the confession was bona fide. Of course it would convict young Mike."

Goss sipped again at his drink.

How bright his eyes were, Shannon thought.

"And—if Natalie is free, you will marry her?"

"Yes."

Goss arose and extended his hand.

"Congratulations," he said simply. "I don't deserve her any more. I have no claim upon her. I—threw her away. I brought her to this. She does not hate me?"

"Not at all."

"Nor despise me?"

Shannon shook his head, wondering at these questions, those too-bright eyes.

"I am very glad," Goss said. "Excuse me. While I am in the other room, won't you open this box for me?"

He thrust into Shannon's hands a cigar box, and walked calmly into the bathroom. Shannon heard him lock the door. He got out his pocket knife, wedged it under the lid of the box, and lifted the lid. He found there an envelope addressed to himself. As he opened it and read the heading on the paper within—"The Confession of Elmer Goss"—he heard the shot.

He ran to the door and pounded on it. There was no answer. The smell of powder touched his nostrils, sickened him. He thrust the envelope into the inside pocket of his coat, and called the police.

III

THE dawn crept slowly into the room in the St. Jacques Hotel where the body of Elmer Goss lay on a golden couch. The coroner and the police had gone. The hotel manager and the bell boys and the maids had gone, and the undertaker's man, and the minister. Shannon was free to read again the short note of explanation that had come with the confession. He had had only time to glance through it before the police arrived.

"Dear Mr. Shannon," he read. "Please have me cremated in the morning, and, when Natalie is free, do be so kind as to take my ashes to a place she knows, and sprinkle them there on the sands—"

"The place they visited on that Fourth of July," Shannon thought. He saw the two of them there, seated by their fire, talking, laughing, wet, covered with salt and sand, wood smoke in their nostrils and their eyes. He saw them in each other's arms.

"—and sprinkle them there on the sands. You will not be jealous that I have died for Natalie. You are too big a man. You will not tell her, ever, that I lied. You will let her believe always that I did kill Cahill. There is no way anyone can tell I lied. I did leave Centerville on April 25. I did return the following day.

"Nobody can prove that I did not go to Cahill's home and kill him because he married the girl I loved. Nobody knows where I was. I die a suicide and a liar. I believe that I shall go to hell. But I am willing. I love her. Once, as St. Peter denied his God, I denied her. It is just that I go to hell, and suffer through all eternity, for her. My confession is inclosed, and my will. It leaves all my property to her mother. I took the liberty of making you executor without bond."

Shannon read the will, and then the confession.

He looked from the paper to the dead face of Elmer Goss. He stood over the body, then tears came to his eyes, and impulsively he bent and kissed the cold forehead. "Poor, noble blunderer," he said aloud. "Poor, heroic fool! You've gone to hell for her. And you've gone in vain. Oh, stupid, stupid, futile, wonderful fool!

"I will cremate you this morning, as you asked me to. The fires are burning for you now. The fires of the crematory—there is no hell for you. But it will be many days before I take your ashes to that sandy Eden where you found her, and won her—and lost her."

On either side of the couch was a little stand, and on each stand a candle burned.

Shannon took one of the candles in his hand, and page by page he burned the confession, letting the ashes fall where they would, holding each page until the flame almost seared his fingers.

He went to the telephone then, and called the clerk.

"Tell the gentlemen who are waiting for me in the lobby they may come up now. We are ready."

Miss Prindiville was still in the office when Shannon

returned from his errand. She did not awake when he entered. He had to shake her.

"I'm frightfully sorry I kept you here all night," he said. "No news of Whelan?"

"No news, Mr. Shannon."

"Get somebody else to stay here today. You go home and rest up."

"Thank you, but I'd rather stay."

Shannon took from his overcoat pocket a little urn and placed it on his desk. "I am going to the jail," he said. "There is still an hour before court."

"Yes, Mr. Shannon. And, as you go by the restaurant downstairs, will you ask them to send me a pot of coffee and some dry toast, please?"

Natalie had heard of Elmer's death; her eyes were red.

"He confessed that he killed Cahill," Shannon said. "But he didn't. He said you called him from Cahill's house, and told him you were marrying Ebb-Tide. He said he flew here from Centerville, that Cahill admitted him to the house, that he demanded to see you, that Cahill tried to throw him out, that he eluded the old man and ran upstairs, that he had hardly found you when Cahill came upstairs with a gun. He said he tackled the old man from behind and wrested the gun from him. He said Cahill stood there dazed, saying, 'My own gun, my own gun!' He said he shot the old man, and then, crazy with panic, he made it seem as if you had done it. He said he thought you'd have an easier time with a jury than he, that's why he framed you. He said he was making the confession because he was no longer afraid to die."

"DARLING," Natalie whispered, "he didn't kill him. He lied. He lied to save me. Ebb-Tide didn't say, 'My own gun!' He said, 'My own son!'"

"I know dear, I know. But if Elmer hadn't said you'd telephoned him, I'd have put that confession in evidence. It would have saved you. If only—"

"You'd use a lie to save me?"

"I would. I'd do anything."

"You'd make him a murderer, Bob? You wouldn't!"

"Why not? He has no relatives to hurt, and those who loved him—only you and I, Natalie—we'd know how wonderful he was. If only he had not said you'd phoned him! He didn't know, of course, that the telephone company has a record of all long-distance calls; that the state would look for the call you were supposed to have made, and, not finding it, prove the confession only a clumsy, pitiful lie. It was heroic. It was sublime, but—"

"But, Bob, I did talk to Elmer on the telephone that day. He was at my father's home when I called to tell my mother that I—"

She halted, for Bob Shannon was beating his fists against the bars. He was crying, "Fool! Fool! Fool!" so that the steel corridor reëchoed with the sound.

"Bob! Bob!" Natalie pleaded. "What is it?"

"If I hadn't burned that confession it would have saved you," he said. "But can I save you now?"

In next week's installment you'll see Shannon make the supreme plea of his life, and Wheatley demand the death penalty, with Natalie's life in the balance.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Moses' Little Helpers Made It

Robert, seven, appearing perplexed, remarked, "Say, mom, I thought Moses only made ten commandments? What's this eighteenth one they talk so much about?"—Mrs. A. J. Macmillan, 339 S. Ardmore Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.

* * *

Try a Shoe Exchange

A small child was for the first time putting on his shoes, and his mother said he had them on the wrong feet. He answered, "These are the only feet I've got."—Robert Moore, R. R. 13, Box 419, Indianapolis, Ind.

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To the Ladies!

Picture by
GEORGIA WARREN

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 min. 55 sec.)

PHILO VANCE, the great crime solver, is getting doggy these days. Reason why? S. S. Van Dine's next book will be called The Kennel Murder Case. This combines business and pleasure on Mr. Van Dine's part, for the creator of the famous Philo is an ardent dog fancier.

Raising prize Scotch terriers is his hobby. Mrs. Van Dine goes in for breeding tropical fish. They (the Van Dines) live in a bewitching place filled with rare Chinese pottery, modern pictures, and every book ever published on criminology.

In that wonderful crime library of his I asked Mr. Van Dine how and where he discovered Philo.

"He is a composite character," the author told me, "made up of various traits I observed among my friends at Oxford. The nonchalant way a true Englishman meets a crisis struck me as being much more dramatic than temperamental fireworks. I modeled Philo's strange behavior upon theirs."

S. S. Van Dine

While talking with Mr. Van Dine I did a little detective work myself. Here's what I found out about him:

His real name is Willard Huntington Wright. He was born in Virginia (by accident, he says). Before taking up crime in a literary way he studied classics at Oxford, music at Munich, painting at Paris. Plays no games; hasn't been to the theater since 1914; never has seen a night club.

Hates the physical exercise of writing. Smokes one hundred cigarettes a day. Eats very little. Not dieting; doesn't get hungry.

HOW jaded our rooms always look the moment the spring sunshine gets at them! No matter how nice they really are, they seem dull at this time. It's a sort of "hangover" appearance, after the winter's hard usage.

A few yards of gay chintz makes a marvelous pick-me-up. I've just been shopping around for inexpensive chintzes. The best of them are revivals of old designs such as the "trellis" type, with the ribbon motif criss-crossing in green, blue, gold, or red on a white ground. (Good reds are *so* hard to get in new chintzes.)

In my opinion, these can be mixed delightfully with dotted or flowered patterns, and plain colored materials. Yes, in the same room! I don't hold with the "everything to match" idea. It is *easier*, of course—but variety is much more refreshing.

THE plight of a young couple I know has called my attention to a dangerous trap that business may set for the marriageable.

Two years ago the pair who figure in this case were both working in offices. He was very much dissatisfied with his job, and so was she. They met, and had such a good time telling each other their business troubles that they got married.

Now they have found that, outside of their dislike for the work they were doing, they had nothing whatever in common. To make matters worse, he has been shifted to a job he enjoys, and she has gone back to work—agreeable work, this time.

Divorce is their next move, as soon as they can afford it. So be warned by their mistake if you are contemplating marriage. Be sure you're not jumping into it as mere diversion from a job that doesn't suit you. The usual "out of the frying pan" fate may be yours if you do.

DO you agree with Judge Hollender of Kalamazoo, Michigan? He believes that modest circumstances are better for children than wealth and luxury. He had the courage to back up that belief in court recently.

The case involved an orphan child and her two aunts, one rich, the other not. The little girl is ten years old. Although she will inherit three-quarters of a million from her parents when she comes of age, she is being brought up in the home of her poorer aunt, where she has all the necessary comforts, but nothing fancy.

Now the rich aunt wants to take the child away and bring her up in a Long Island palace. "With me," this lady told the judge, "my niece will have culture." She enumerated: Three motor cars, chauffeur, yacht with crew, four house servants, a gardener.

Judge Hollender said no. In his opinion, luxury does not mean culture necessarily, and all the lavishness in the world isn't worth plain home life to a child. He contends that any woman who thinks differently would not be likely to make the child happy.

HIGH waistline, and the shortest of jackets, if you want to be stylish. And is the new high waistline *deadly* to some figures!

Here's a dodge to try if it doesn't suit you: Have your tailored skirt end at your normal waistline. Wear a two-inch belt. *Let five square tabs of the skirt material peep out above the belt.*

If your afternoon gown or your evening dress has that high princess waist, try a narrow belt starting just below the bust, crossing behind, and meeting *at the real waistline* in front.

Tiny boleros are still smart, but little cloth coats fitted to the waist are smarter now. I saw a pale-blue one worn over a dark-blue dress of rough crêpe. The effect was perfect, I thought.

HOW would you like to serve a "Breath of Spring" at your next luncheon party?

To 4 cups fresh cream stiffly whipped, add 1 cup coarsely crushed meringues (you can get these at any good bakery). Put in 1½ tablespoons crystallized violets finely crushed. Mix lightly with a fork, and place in the refrigerator for at least 3 hours. Serve in sherbet glasses topped with a crystallized violet. If you want to be really chic, lay two or three fresh violets on a leaf beside the glass.

A LADY who tried to arrange love without trouble is the heroine of Loads of Love, Anne Parrish's new novel. Good reading. (Harper & Brothers.)

Open Confession

Two Men Alone in the Sick-Room—Doctor and Patient—and the Truth Came Out at Last

By

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

(Reading time: 8 minutes 30 seconds.)

"LIE back, now," said the doctor, putting away his hypodermic case. "Lie back and relax. Presently it will begin to take hold. You'll be sound asleep before long."

"You aren't leaving me?" fretted Blundell peevishly as the doctor opened the sick-room door.

"No. I'm going to tell Howson and your Jap that they can go out. There's a movie they said they want to see. They'll be back in a couple of hours. I'll sit with you till then."

Blundell stared with no interest at all at the garish appointments of his bedroom. With the weariness of a very sick man he wondered why he had furnished it and the rest of his bachelor flat in such flamboyantly unrestful fashion.

Then the doctor was with him again, shutting the door softly and seating himself in the deep tapestry chair beside the bed. There was something namelessly soothing and strong about him.

Blundell's forehead puckered with a new twinge of pain: a pain now that was not of his racked body; a pain which had crept unbidden into his heart and brain, more and more compellingly, during these three endless weeks of bedridden and thoughtridden sickness. A queer impulse had obsessed him of late—such an impulse as may rot the iron inhibitions of common sense in the mind of an invalid. Goaded past resistance by this ever-increasing urge, he spoke—yet seeking to put off what he had to say, or at the least to lead up to it by degrees.

"Doc," he said with a shamed abruptness, "it's mighty white of such a busy man to give up so much of his worktime to one friend. You've been here day and night ever since I went into dry dock. Your practice must be suffering pretty nearly as badly as I am. Be sure to put it all in the bill."

"Don't worry," adjured the doctor. "It is all in the bill."

"But there's a hell of a lot of things no money can pay for," insisted Blundell. "Your friendship for me is one of them. It's been that way ever since you yanked me out of the mill race when we were ten years old, and risked your own life to do it. There wasn't ever such another friend as you, doc."

She was so pitifully young. She was swept off her feet.

His own maudlin preamble seemed to give Blundell courage. Now he screwed up his flabby eyelids as might a child taking its first dive into deep water. The impulse was mastering him almost to the point of expression. The doctor slumped deep in the big chair, moveless, intent. He had the air of a man watching the big scene of a play.

"You've said some odd things to me, from time to time, this past three weeks, doc," Blundell went on. "Things that sounded like nothing I'd ever heard you say. They set me to thinking. I didn't have anything else to do but to think and be in pain. The pain and the weakness, and the idleness too, set me to some more thinking. The two kinds of thinking seem to have joined up together. When a man gets as close to death as I've felt sometimes lately—even if he's going to get

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVENTY-FIVE]

well, as I am going to—well, he gets to realizing he has a soul. He does more than that. He gets to realizing he's got to come clean if he wants that soul to be clean. He's got to own up, and get forgiven."

"You don't want me to phone for a priest, do you?" asked the doctor. "Or do you?"

"No. It's you I've got to confess to, doc. There are some other folks, of course. But I don't worry about them. They haven't worked over me as you have; or talked to me the way you have. Yes; if my conscience is going to get cured of this nasty new ache, and if it's going to stop teasing me all the time, there are some things I've got to get off my chest and off my soul. And you've got to listen to them."

"I'm your physician," protested the man in the chair. "Not your confessor. I—"

"You've been my best friend always," said Blundell, nerving himself for words which no longer would rest unsaid. "And you've figured I was your best friend. I wasn't. Remember the time I coaxed you into putting every cent you had into that coal-lands scheme? I told you I lost all my own cash as well as all of yours in that. Well, I didn't lose yours or mine. I worked the deal through the Moray-Brayle crowd. I cleaned up big. I faked the report I let you see. I made my real start on that clean-up."

"It's all right, old friend!" the doctor soothed him. "That was years ago. We were both young. Let bygones be—"

"Then," Blundell forced himself to go on, "I told you your C. G. & X. stock was on the tobog. I said I had had an inside tip the bottom was falling out of it. I got you to sell that big block of it your dad left you. You sold it, through Crayne, at a starvation price. It was me you sold it to. I had the tip it was going rocketing. It was held by a family pool, most of it. The only way I could muscle in on the bonanza was to grab your holdings. In six months that stock passed the two-hundred mark. I won more on it than on anything else in my life But I did it by gypping you. I—"

"Forget it!" soothed the doctor, trying to calm the tremblingly excited invalid. "All of us do rotten things we're sorry for. Don't think of it again."

"Gee, but you're the whitest man that ever happened!" cried Blundell. "They never built another like you. Your forgiving me—and my coming clean—will make me sleep better and wake happier than—than—"

HE fell silent, his haggard face working. His brows contracted afresh. Again he pressed tight shut his baggy-lidded eyes in that same ludicrously childish grimace."

"There's one thing more," he panted. "And it's the worst. I never thought I'd scrape up nerve to tell you. But since you've been so glorious about the other two—Oh, nobody but you would have the greatness to forgive this! But here goes: Karen and I—"

He paused, his courage giving out. He lay there blinking timorously at the lean figure slumping low in the chair beside him. The doctor took up the tale, his voice toneless except for a muffled quality in it.

"Yes," he said softly. "I know. Karen told me. Two months back. She was like you—she had a fit of conscience. Wives do, sometimes. I—I forgave her. Because I love her. Because I can't stop loving her. And because she was so pitifully young. And because she hadn't had any experience with life's dirt till she met you. You have a way with women. I haven't. She was swept off her feet. When she came to herself she was hideously ashamed. She came crying to me for pardon. I forgave her. But I didn't forgive you."

"I—I don't— But you said—"

"If I had been a primal male I should have shot you. And the jury would have acquitted me. If I had been an ultra-modern I should have gotten a divorce and sued you for five-figure damages. And the jury would have given me what I asked. But both of those courses would have hauled Karen's name into it. She would have been smeared, damned, cut. And I love her—I just told you that. I want to make her forget you by making her happy—not to make her keep on remembering you because the world and I have smashed her. So I didn't shoot and I didn't sue. Instead, I waited for your next spell of acute indigestion."

The doctor had the air of a man watching a play.

Reaction had let Blundell feel the first approach of the drug mists. But now they were swept clear of his brain. Aghast, gibbering, he stared at the slouching man in the chair.

THE doctor's muffled, toneless voice droned on:

"Yes, I waited for your next attack. For seventeen years you've been eating and drinking hoggishly, and then running to me for help as soon as your stomach went on strike. You'll remember I've always been able, till now, to get you on your feet again in two days at most. This time it's been three weeks, my loyal friend."

Blundell screeched, raucously, as the import of the words reached him. Struggling, he groped for the electric button.

The doctor watched him in mild amusement.

"Ring all you like," said he. "Howson and the Jap won't be back for nearly two hours. We're alone in the flat, you and I. By the time the others get home it will be too late. Much too late. You'll be extremely sound asleep. . . . During this three weeks you've suffered increasingly; but now you've almost come to the point of saturation. The suffering is merging into dullness. That's why I decided to wind up the long-drawn-out farce this evening. I was just going to tell you so—and tell you why—when you launched out on your own soul-cleansing confession. The morphia I shot into you a few minutes before that was enough to kill three well men, my dear lifelong chum."

Again, gurgling and gobbling, Blundell struggled to rise—this time to reach the telephone. As he collapsed, moaning, the doctor said in his most soothing sick-room manner:

"There will be no inquiry. No autopsy. I have been your physician for years. I have nothing tangible to gain from your death. I have had two consultants in to see you. Both of them indorsed, in good faith, my treatment. Or what they supposed was my treatment. . . . Lie still, dear old friend. In a little while, now, you'll begin to get drowsy.

"Thanks for telling me those two lesser reasons why I won't need to feel remorse for poisoning a rabid beast. . . . Good night. I'll sit here and read till the servants come home."

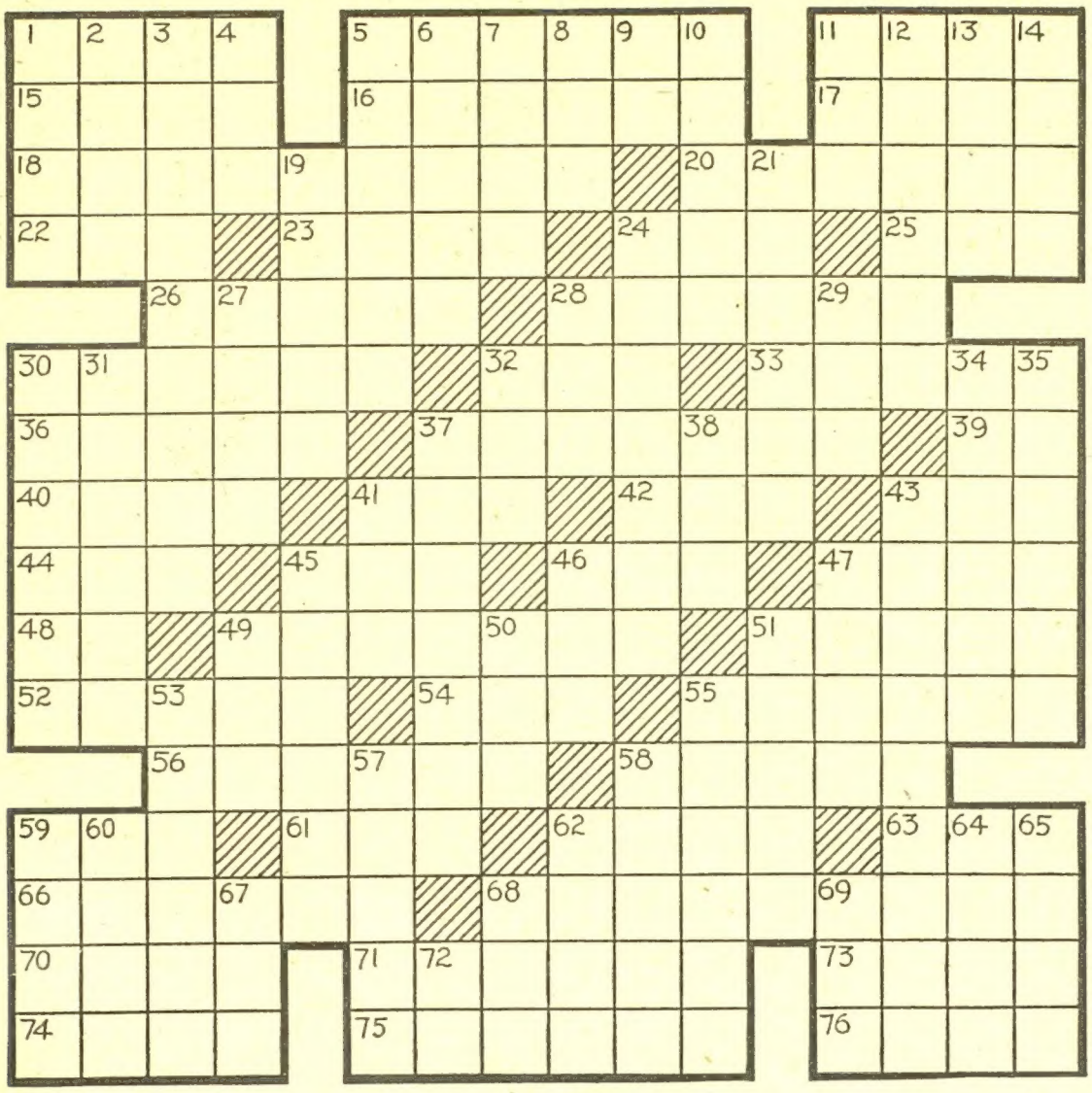
THE END

Solution of Detectogram on page 62

The professor said the fog was so thick he couldn't see two feet—yet he knew when he came to the middle of a block!

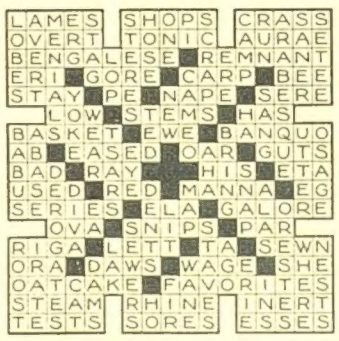
Another Detectogram will appear next week.

Cross Words — A New Puzzle



HORIZONTAL

1 Narrow strip
5 Leader of a church choir
11 Question with a view to puzzling
15 Winged
16 Characterized by melody
17 At sea
18 Falcon
20 Teeth
22 Body of water
23 Expunge
24 Unit used in measuring diameter of wires
25 An offspring of an animal
26 Abrade
28 Befall
30 Units of electrical capacity
32 Combining form signifying thrice
33 Clothes with authority or power
36 Declaim
37 Animate
39 Latin and French conjunction
40 Saws wood lengthwise
41 Fragment
42 High, pointed hill
43 Mineral-bearing mass
44 Tree
45 Rough or prickly envelope of a fruit
46 Of small number
47 Otherwise
48 The eldest born of Chaos (Greek myth.)
49 Revolved
51 Trap for catching fish, lobsters, etc.
52 Record, as an item in an account
54 Metal
55 Antiquated jiglike dance
56 Space where something is wanting
58 Memento
59 To be indebted to
61 A cap
62 Father (French)
63 Duet
66 Mussulman
68 Conveys from one place to another
70 City in Kansas
71 Gratify
73 Any plane surface
74 Residue
75 Sojourned
76 Autocrat

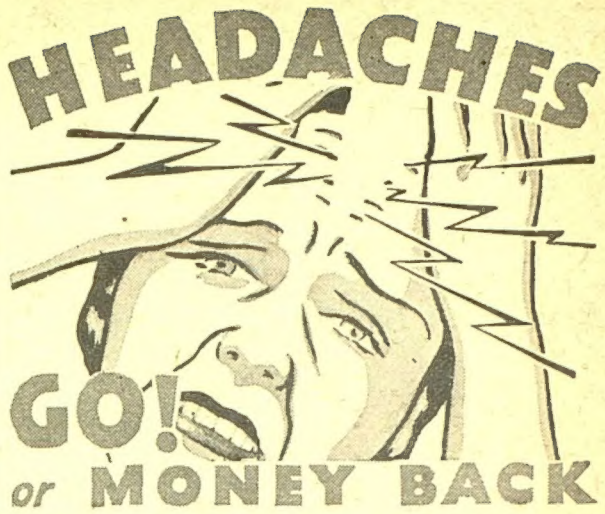


Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 A bugle call
2 Opposite of aweather
3 Division of chapter
4 Prior
5 Units of weight
6 Ascend
7 Baseball team
8 Digit
9 Bone
10 Forgive
11 Comrade
12 American Indians
13 Dry; withered
14 Compass point
19 Arrange in steps
21 Man's name
24 Deserved
27 Gnawing animals
28 Babylonian deity
29 Lair
30 Food for animals
31 Ascended
32 An explosive
34 More succinct
35 Resembling a hard alloy
37 Error in printing
38 Solemn promise
41 Without
43 Flowering plants
45 Salt of boric acid
46 Boggy land
47 Predatory bird
49 Coin of Portugal
50 It is
51 Forms into a mass
53 Essay upon a specific theme
55 Salted in brine
57 Beats down
58 Annoy
59 Hebrew measure
60 Had on
62 Beseech
64 Chief solid constituent of urine
65 Ridges of drift
67 A tennis term
68 Beverage
69 Plump
72 Naval officer (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



Take 2 Phenyo-Caffein pills . . . famous formula of Dr. Julius Garst. Within 15 minutes that splitting, blinding, nerve-wracking headache must vanish or your money is handed right back to you.

Look at your watch. Time the action of safe Phenyo-Caffein, favorably known since 1888. Phenyo-Caffein is also good to allay pains from neuralgia, rheumatism, menstruation, neuritis. 30¢, 60¢ or $1. At all druggists. Or, send 10¢ for trial size. Phenyo-Caffein Co., 175 Varick Street, New York.

PHENYO-CAFFEIN

SELL *where your customers* BUY!

United States Census figures now show that 69% of retail trade volume comes from cities of 10,000 population and over. In these *selling* cities Liberty places a greater percentage of its circulation than *any other* magazine. For distribution and sales where your customers do their buying—advertise in Liberty!

CORNS

Instant Relief!

No waiting! In *one minute* the pain and cause of corns and sore toes are ended when you apply these thin, mildly medicated, soothing, healing pads. 100% safe.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.
The IRVING-VANCE COMPANY Ltd.
142 Hart Building, Toronto, Can.

Why Do Englishmen Wear Monocles?

ANSWER THIS QUESTION WITH A WISE CRACK

$500 IN CASH PRIZES

232 CHANCES TO WIN EASY MONEY!

THIS week Liberty will pay its $500 cash prize fund for the best wise cracks in answer to the contest question: "Why do Englishmen wear monocles?" There's no trickery in the question—except perhaps the trick, whatever it is, that enables John Bull to keep his single eyeglass so jauntily in place. Or is this just an optical illusion? But that's not the point. Liberty, at this time, is not interested in how he does it. The question is *why* he does it!

The answer adjudged the best wins $100. Second prize is $50. Third money is $25, and there are 229 other chances to share in the distribution of the cash awards.

Twenty words — no more — as many less as you wish—will tell the story. You don't have to use twenty to make a score in this contest. But you can't score with more.

After you have delivered yourself of an epic wise crack explaining John Bull's optometric idiosyncrasy, set down a question adaptable for a future installment of this contest. Be as funny as you hope in your contest answer, but ask a straight question, without gags. See the rules at the right for complete instructions on how and where to send your answers. Read them carefully and then mail your entry today.

NOTE! Names of the authors of the winning answers to the first week's question—"Why did the chicken cross the road?"—will appear in next week's issue, dated March 26.

WEEKLY SCHEDULE CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$100
SECOND PRIZE	50
THIRD PRIZE	25
Two FOURTH PRIZES, each $10	20
Seven FIFTH PRIZES, each $5	35
Fifty SIXTH PRIZES, each $2	100
170 SEVENTH PRIZES, each $1	170
232 CASH PRIZES, TOTAL	$500

The RULES

1. Anyone, anywhere, may compete in this contest except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their immediate families.

2. Each week until further notice Liberty will print a contest question. Write what you consider the most ridiculous possible answer to it. Your answer must be accompanied by a suggested question usable in a future edition of this contest.

3. Each answer must not exceed twenty words. Each suggested question must not exceed twenty words. Use typewriter or pen and ink. Answers in pencil will not be considered. Write on one side of your sheet of paper only.

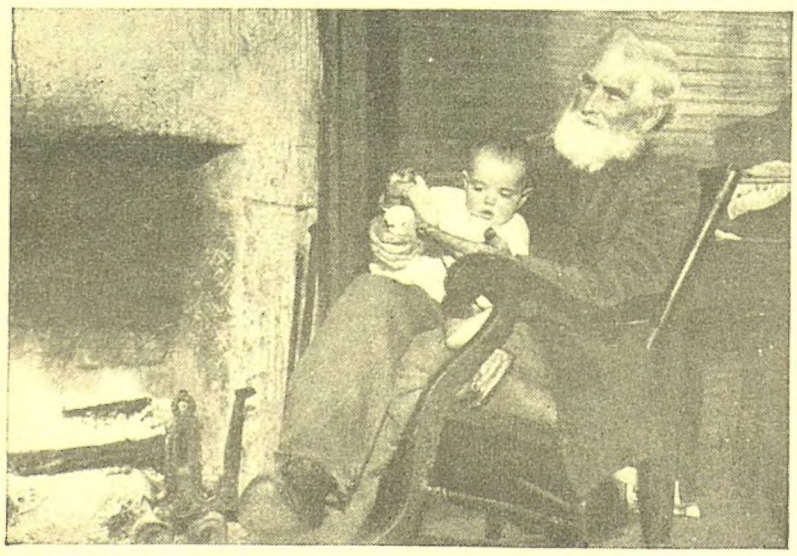
4. The answer which, in the opinion of the judges, is the most ridiculous and is accompanied by the best suggested question for a future series of the contest will be awarded the first prize. The next best entry, judged on this basis, will be awarded second prize, etc., according to the prize schedule on this page.

5. Mail all entries to ANSWERS, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Entries for this week's contest must be received prior to the close of business on Monday, March 21, 1932.

$1,000 HOME LIFE SNAPSHOT CONTEST GRAND PRIZE

AWARDED TO ANNA LEE FORTNER, BEREA, KENTUCKY



AFTER careful consideration of the ten snapshots which won weekly first prizes, the Home Life Snapshot Contest jury has awarded the Grand Prize, $1,000 in cash, for the photograph reproduced at the left. This entry, submitted by Anna Lee Fortner of Berea, Kentucky, was eligible for the Grand Prize through having been awarded first prize in the tenth week of the contest series.

Congratulations are in order, therefore, to Anna Lee Fortner, and Liberty is glad to have the privilege of being first to extend them. And we take the liberty of adding the congratulations of her competitors to our own.

Among the tens of thousands of snapshots submitted from every section of the nation and from foreign cities as well were many photographs of unusual interest. The response was so large that another snapshot contest is more than a possibility for the future, and we hope that every entrant in the contest now closed will compete at that time.

FIRST WEEK'S WISE CRACK WINNERS AND ANOTHER $500 PRIZE QUESTION NEXT WEEK!

ARE *Domestic Hands* A BADGE OF MARRIAGE?

1932 ☾ MARCH ○ 1932
WINTRY WINDS
March winds are hard on skins, but neither raw weather nor hardest housework need mar the appearance of your hands if you protect them with Hinds. This smooth and delightful lotion will keep your hands always soft and lovely—and so comfortable too.

A photographic representation of inferiority complex caused by Domestic Hands
Interpreted by Anton Bruehl

Her poor bewildered husband simply can't understand the change that has come over Helen since her marriage last June.

She used to love to go to parties and to give them. But now she never wants to go anywhere and she hates to have people come into their home.

When old friends drop in unexpectedly she is so queer and so self-conscious. It was actually embarrassing the other night when Tom brought Ted Graham home for dinner without warning. And after he had gone there was another of those awful weepy scenes.

The real trouble with Helen of course is a bad case of Domestic Hands.

Unaccustomed to housework before her marriage, she simply has not learned that it is easily possible to have lovely, soft white hands and still get along without a maid.

A Soothing Pure-as-Milk Lotion that Keeps Hands Young

You can easily avoid the embarrassment of Domestic Hands and the inferiority complex that goes with them. All you need do is smooth Hinds Honey and Almond Cream into them two or three times each day. Within a few days' time even hands pitifully roughened by neglect grow softer, whiter and more attractive.

Don't Take Chances with Questionable Lotions

The delightful caressing texture of Hinds comes from the mildest and finest skin-softening emollients—a special secret of its half-century tested formula. Avoid imitations, many of which simulate Hinds cream-like texture by the addition of gummy thickening agents that do not benefit the skin. Don't take chances. Insist upon the original Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

Get Hinds from your druggist today. We'll gladly send a generous sample, free, if you will write the A. S. Hinds Co., Dept. B-26, Bloomfield, N. J.

© 1932, Lehn & Fink, Inc.

Does your face, too, tell of *Domestic Cares?*

TRY THESE NEW HINDS BEAUTY AIDS

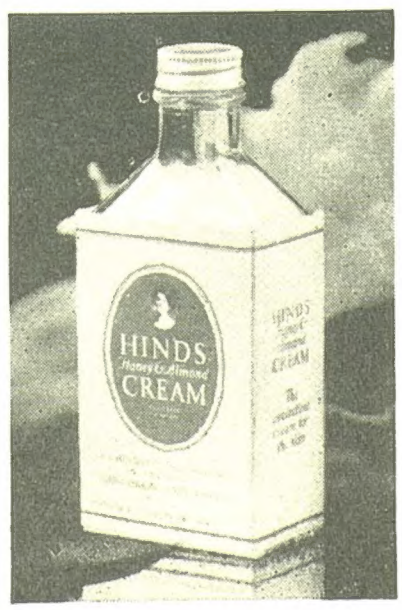
Because days crowded with household cares so often leave signs of tiredness and neglect, Hinds decided to do for faces what they've always done for hands . . . make them smooth as velvet, lovely and youthful. Try this simple, amazingly inexpensive treatment:

HINDS CLEANSING CREAM—This cool, fragrant cream liquefies 2 to 7 times faster than ordinary creams, floating out dirt without stretching pores. 40c and 65c a jar.

HINDS TONING CLEANSER—This stimulating new cleanser dissolves pore residue, so pores shrink back to normal size. 65c a bottle.

HINDS TEXTURE CREAM—A *greaseless* softening cream to make the skin satin-smooth. 40c a jar.

If your druggist cannot supply you, write to A. S. Hinds Co., Dept. B-26, Bloomfield, N. J.



HINDS
honey and almond
CREAM

Where Turkish tobacco comes from

Let's all go to Turkey...

In every important tobacco-growing center of Turkey, Chesterfield has its own tobacco buyers.

Eastward ho! Four thousand miles nearer the rising sun—let's go! To the land of mosques and minarets. Let's see this strange, strange country. Let's see the land where the tobacco* grows in small leaves on slender stalks—to be tenderly picked, leaf by leaf, hung in long fragrant strings, shelter-dried and blanket-cured. Precious stuff!

Let's taste that delicate aromatic flavor—that subtle difference that *makes* a cigarette!

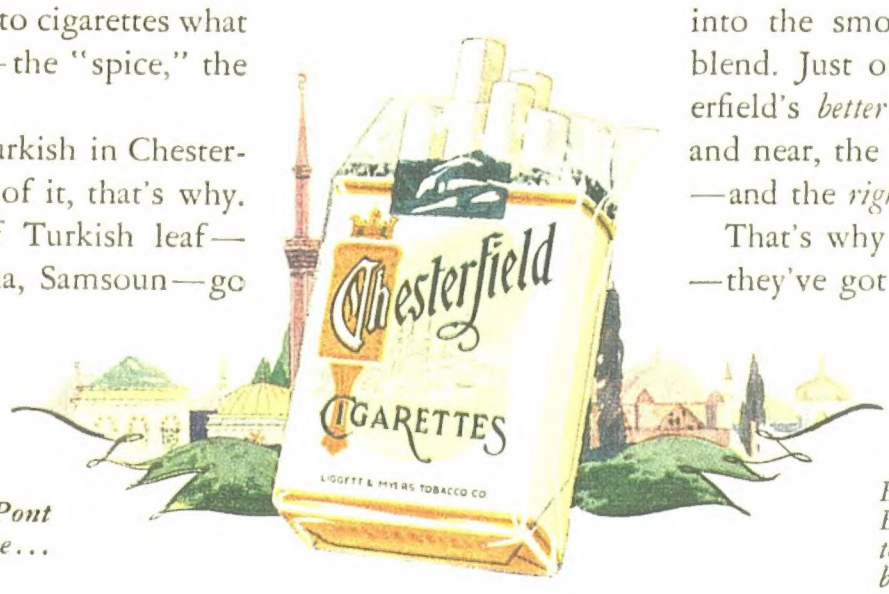
XANTHI • CAVALLA • SMYRNA • SAMSOUN

Famous Turkish Tobaccos

*Turkish tobacco is to cigarettes what seasoning is to food—the "spice," the "sauce."

You can *taste* the Turkish in Chesterfield—there's enough of it, that's why. Four famous kinds of Turkish leaf—Xanthi, Cavalla, Smyrna, Samsoun—go into the smooth, "spicy" Chesterfield blend. Just one more reason for Chesterfield's *better taste.* Tobaccos from far and near, the best of their several kinds—and the *right* kinds.

That's why Chesterfields are GOOD—they've got to be and they *are.*



Wrapped in No. 300 DuPont Moisture-Proof Cellophane... the Best Made

Chesterfield Radio Program

Every night (except Sunday), 10:30 Eastern Time, Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network. Popular music beautifully played and sung.

Finest Turkish and Domestic Tobaccos Blended and Cross-Blended